# CHOICE QUARTETS

FOR

# MALE AND MIXED VOICES

BY

RUEBUSH and LONG

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Price, 25 cents per copy

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PUBLISHED BY

RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

DAYTON, VIRGINIA

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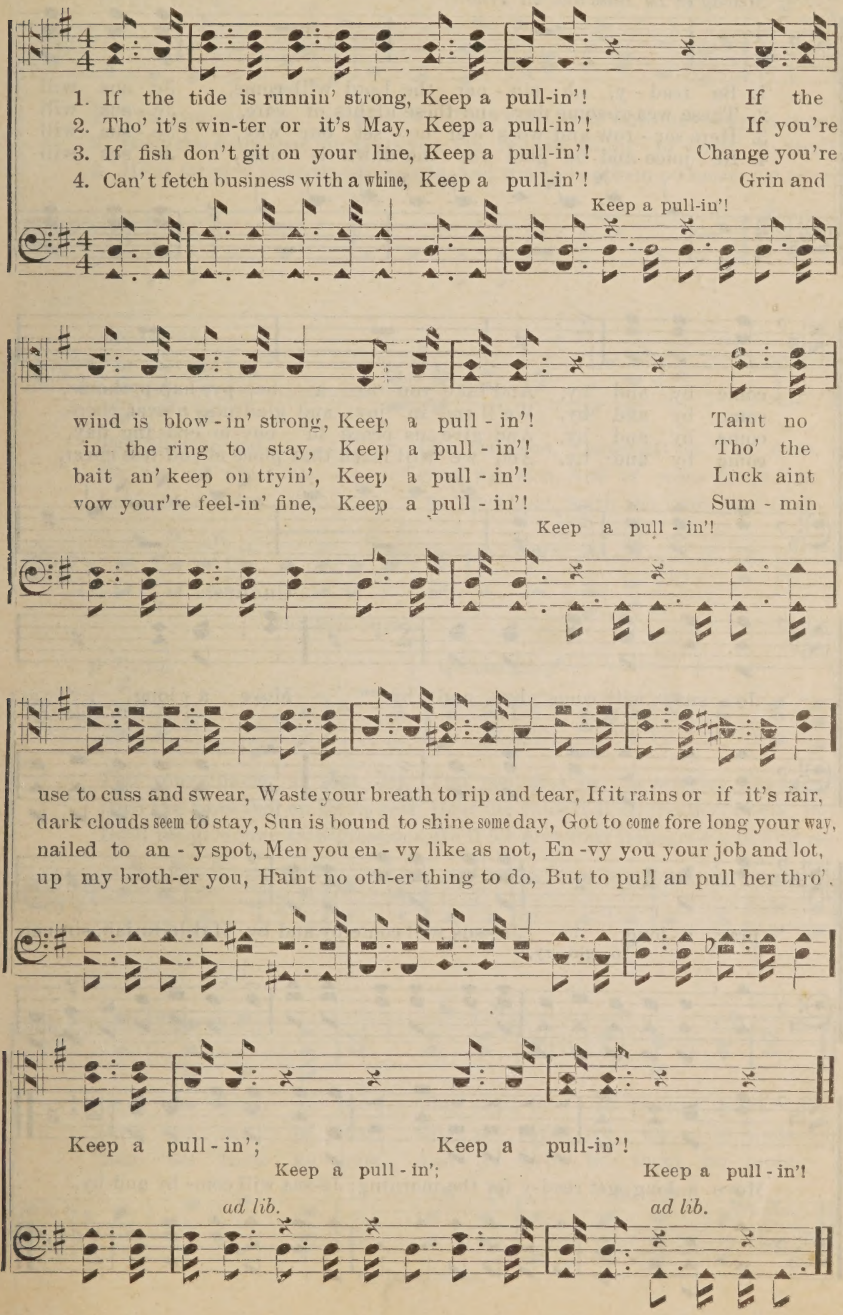
#26
2.00

# No. 1. KEEP A PULLIN'.

Words arr. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

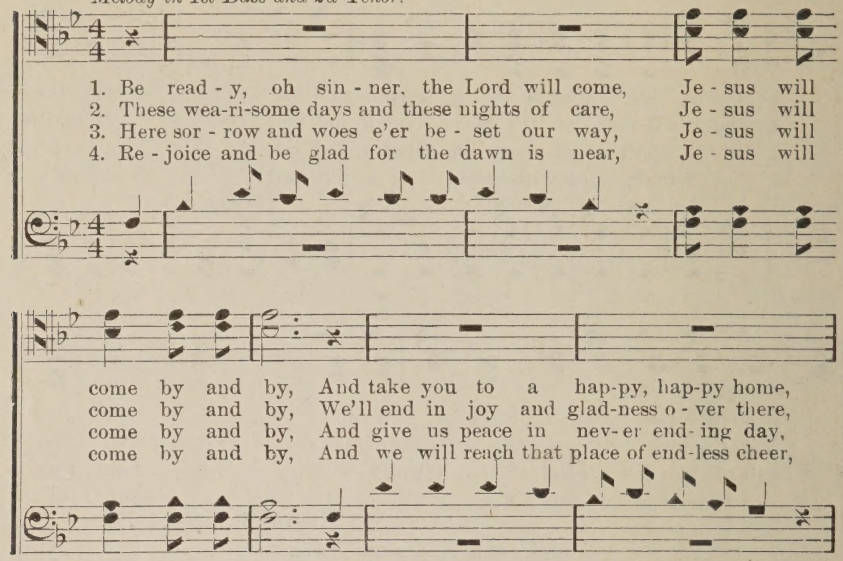

1. If the tide is runnin' strong, Keep a pull-in'! If the
2. Tho' it's win-ter or it's May, Keep a pull-in'! If you're
3. If fish don't git on your line, Keep a pull-in'! Change you're
4. Can't fetch business with a whine, Keep a pull-in'! Grin and
Keep a pull-in'!
wind is blow-in' strong, Keep a pull-in'! Taint no
in the ring to stay, Keep a pull-in'! Tho' the
bait an' keep on tryin', Keep a pull-in'! Luck aint
vow your're feel-in' fine, Keep a pull-in'! Sum-min
Keep a pull-in'!
use to cuss and swear, Waste your breath to rip and tear, If it rains or if it's fair,
dark clouds seem to stay, Sun is bound to shine some day, Got to come fore long your way,
nailed to an-y spot, Men you en-vy like as not, En-vy you your job and lot,
up my broth-er you, Haint no oth-er thing to do, But to pull an pull her thro'.
Keep a pull-in'; Keep a pull-in'!
Keep a pull-in'; Keep a pull-in'!
ad lib.
ad lib.

No. 2.

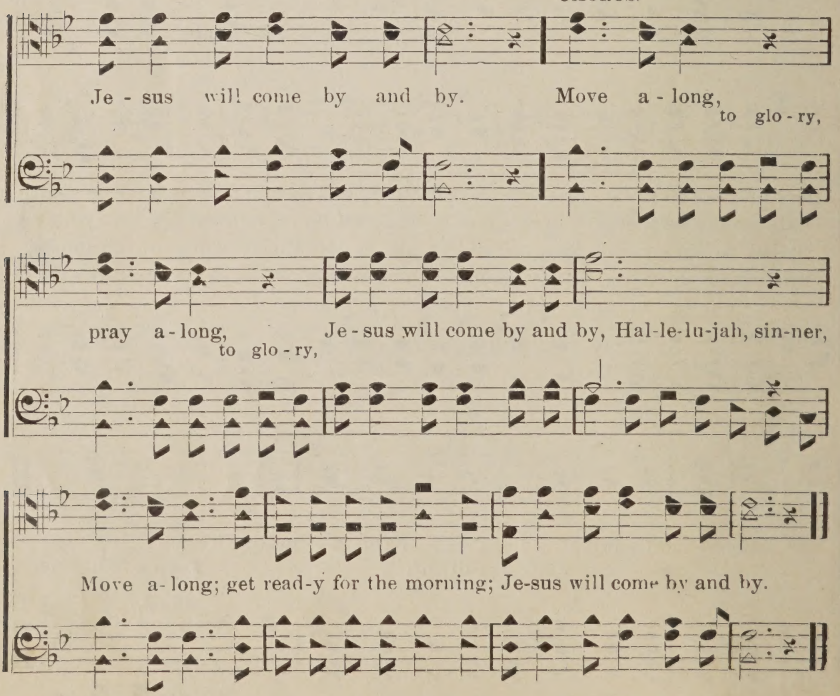
# MOVE ALONG.

J. M. Plantation Melody.

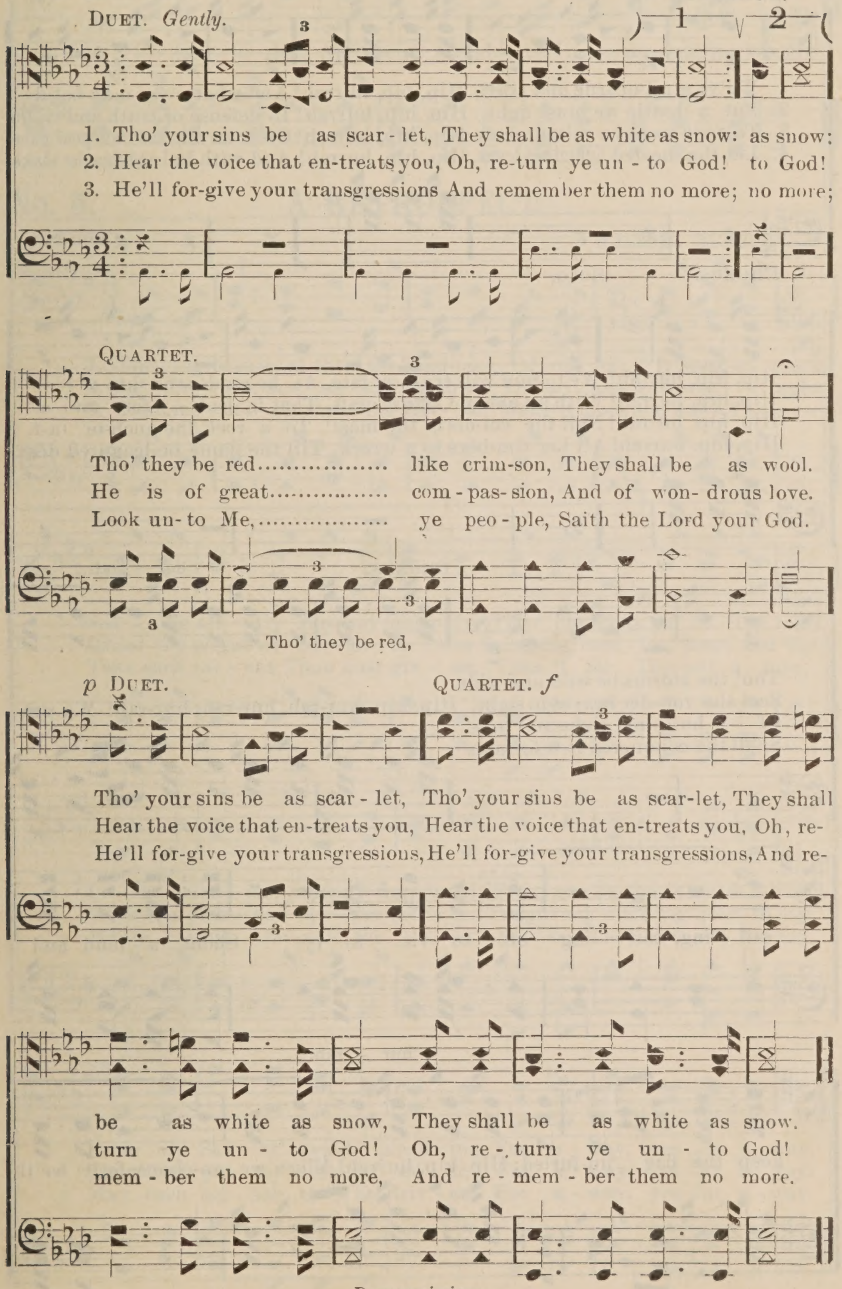
*Melody in 1st Bass and 2d Tenor.*


1. Be read - y, oh sin - ner, the Lord will come, Je - sus will
2. These wea-ri-some days and these nights of care, Je - sus will
3. Here sor - row and woes e'er be - set our way, Je - sus will
4. Re - joice and be glad for the dawn is near, Je - sus will
come by and by, And take you to a hap-py, hap-py home,
come by and by, We'll end in joy and glad-ness o - ver there,
come by and by, And give us peace in nev-er end-ing day,
come by and by, And we will reach that place of end-less cheer,

CHORUS.


Je - sus will come by and by. Move a - long,
to glo - ry,
pray a - long, Je - sus will come by and by, Hal-le-lu-jah, sin-ner,
to glo - ry,
Move a-long; get read-y for the morning; Je-sus will come by and by.

# No. 3. THO' YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

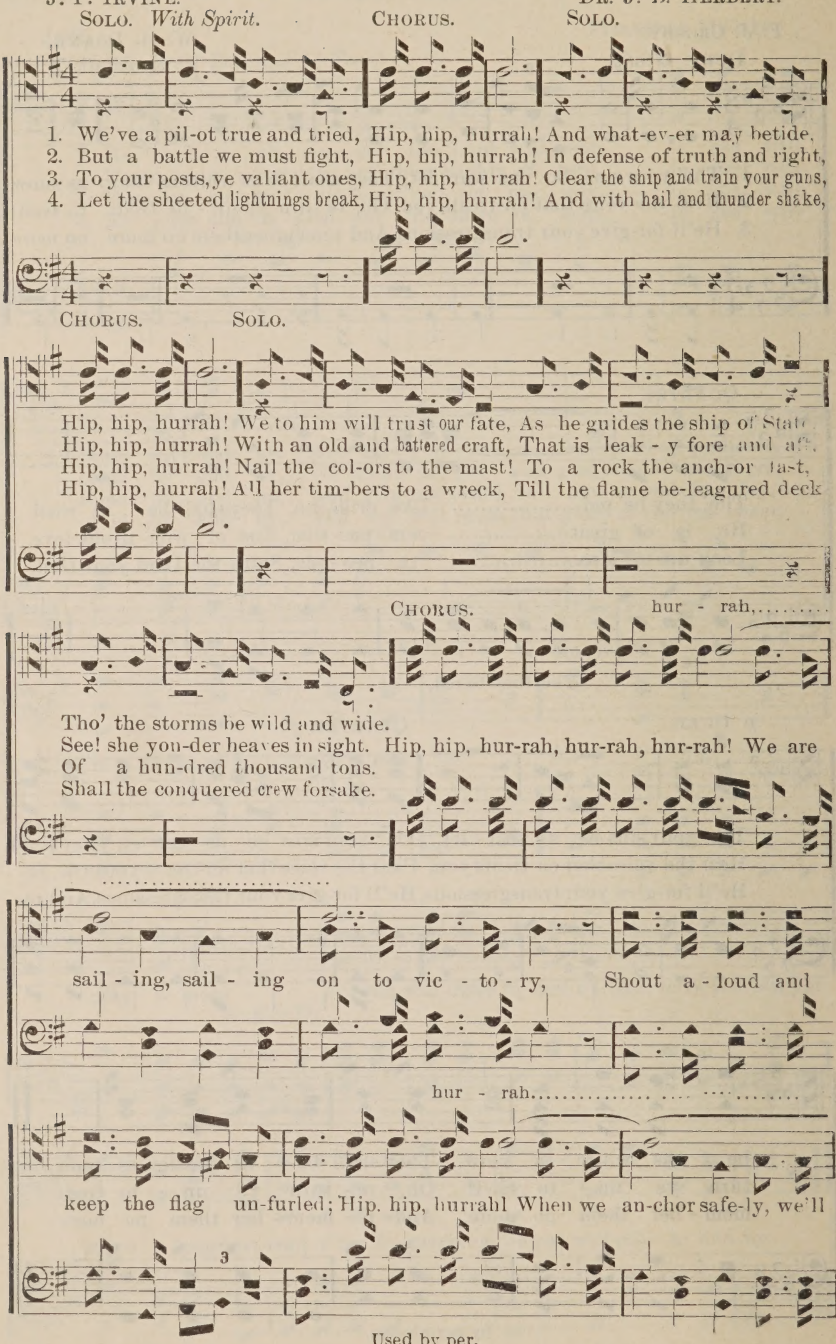
F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow: as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool.
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love.
Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple, Saith the Lord your God.
Tho' they be red,
p DUET. QUARTET. f
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-
be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

By permission.

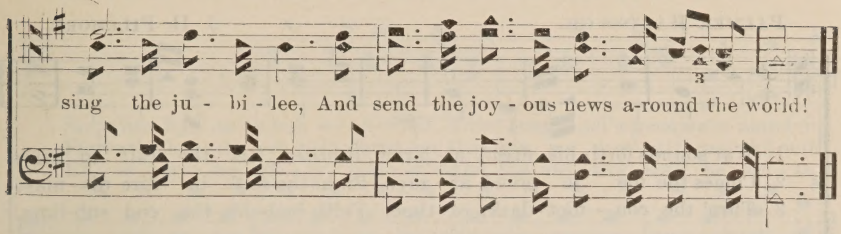
No. 4.

# HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

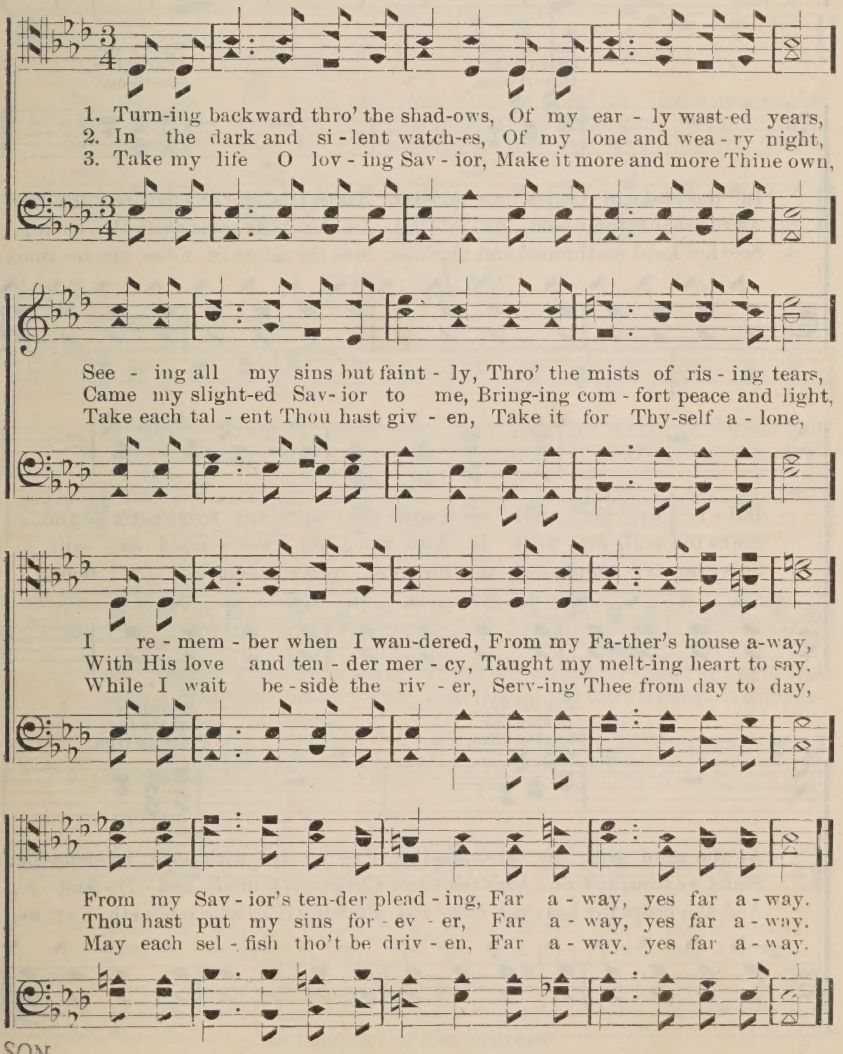
J. P. IRVINE. DR. J. B. HERBERT.


SOLO. With Spirit.
CHORUS.
SOLO.
1. We've a pil-ot true and tried, Hip, hip, hurrah! And what-ev-er may betide,
2. But a battle we must fight, Hip, hip, hurrah! In defense of truth and right,
3. To your posts, ye valiant ones, Hip, hip, hurrah! Clear the ship and train your guns,
4. Let the sheeted lightnings break, Hip, hip, hurrah! And with hail and thunder shake,
CHORUS.
SOLO.
Hip, hip, hurrah! We to him will trust our fate, As he guides the ship of State
Hip, hip, hurrah! With an old and battered craft, That is leak - y fore and aft,
Hip, hip, hurrah! Nail the col-ors to the mast! To a rock the anch-or fast,
Hip, hip, hurrah! All her tim-bers to a wreck, Till the flame be-leagured deck
CHORUS.
hur - rah,.....
Tho' the storms be wild and wide.
See! she yon-der heaves in sight. Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! We are
Of a hun-dred thousand tons.
Shall the conquered crew forsake.
sail - ing, sail - ing on to vic - to - ry, Shout a - loud and
hur - rah.....
keep the flag un-furled; Hip, hip, hurrah! When we an-chor safe-ly, we'll
3

Used by per.

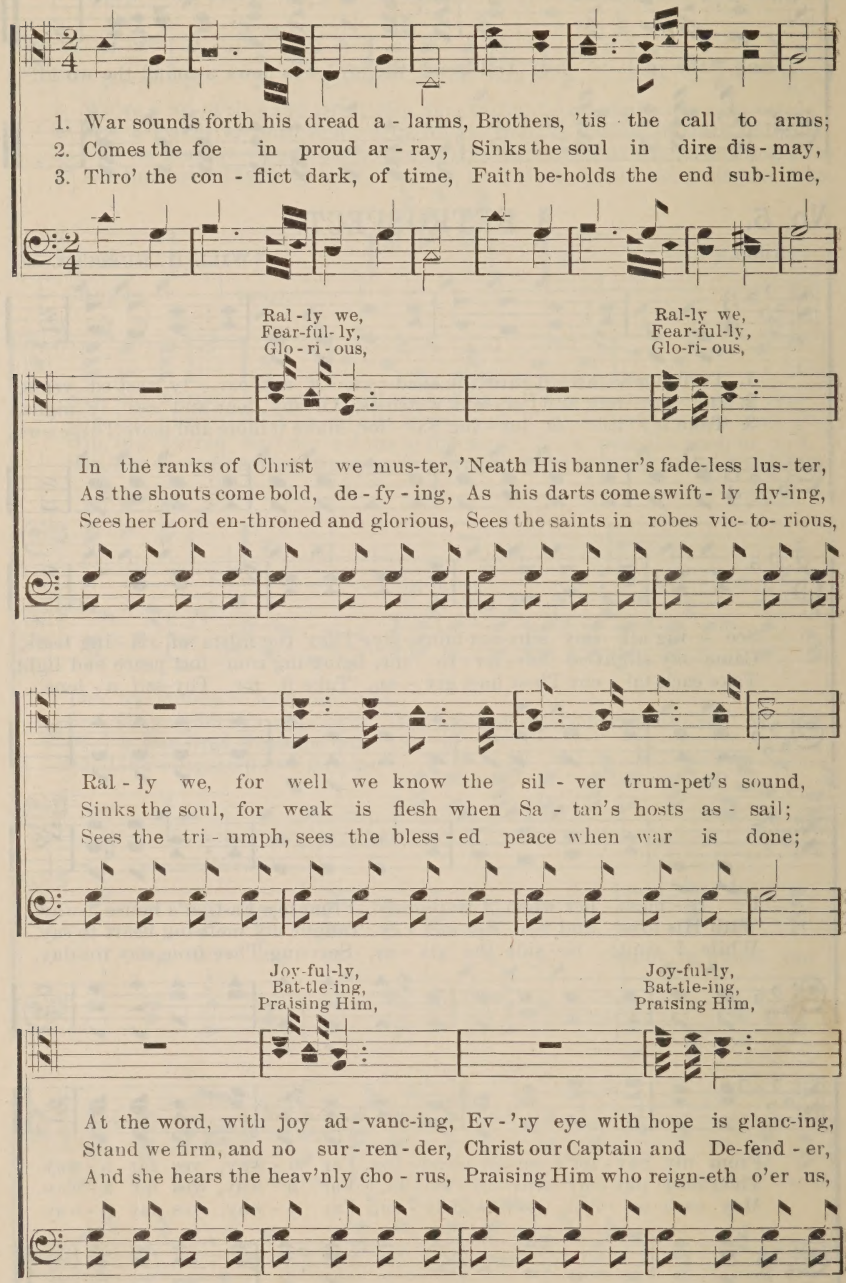



## No. 5. A RETROSPECT.

Anon. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Turn-ing backward thro' the shad-ows, Of my ear - ly wast-ed years,
2. In the dark and si - lent watch-es, Of my lone and wea - ry night,
3. Take my life O lov - ing Sav - ior, Make it more and more Thine own,
See - ing all my sins but faint - ly, Thro' the mists of ris - ing tears,
Came my slight-ed Sav - ior to me, Bring-ing com - fort peace and light,
Take each tal - ent Thou hast giv - en, Take it for Thy-self a - lone,
I re - mem - ber when I wan-dered, From my Fa-ther's house a-way,
With His love and ten - der mer - cy, Taught my melt-ing heart to say.
While I wait be - side the riv - er, Serv-ing Thee from day to day,
From my Sav - ior's ten-der plead - ing, Far a - way, yes far a - way.
Thou hast put my sins for - ev - er, Far a - way, yes far a - way.
May each sel - fish tho't be driv - en, Far a - way, yes far a - way.

WILSON
NcU

## No. 6. THE CHRISTIAN WAR SONG.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. War sounds forth his dread a - larms, Brothers, 'tis the call to arms;
2. Comes the foe in proud ar - ray, Sinks the soul in dire dis - may,
3. Thro' the con - flict dark, of time, Faith be-holds the end sub-lime,
Ral - ly we, Fear-ful- ly, Glo - ri - ous,
Ral-ly we, Fear-ful-ly, Glo-ri- ous,
In the ranks of Christ we mus-ter, 'Neath His banner's fade-less lus- ter,
As the shouts come bold, de - fy - ing, As his darts come swift - ly fly-ing,
Sees her Lord en-throned and glorious, Sees the saints in robes vic- to- rious,
Ral - ly we, for well we know the sil - ver trum-pet's sound,
Sinks the soul, for weak is flesh when Sa - tan's hosts as - sail;
Sees the tri - umph, sees the bless - ed peace when war is done;
Joy-ful-ly, Bat-tle-ing, Praising Him,
Joy-ful-ly, Bat-tle-ing, Praising Him,
At the word, with joy ad - vanc-ing, Ev - 'ry eye with hope is glanc-ing,
Stand we firm, and no sur - ren - der, Christ our Captain and De-fend - er,
And she hears the heav'nly cho - rus, Praising Him who reign-eth o'er us,

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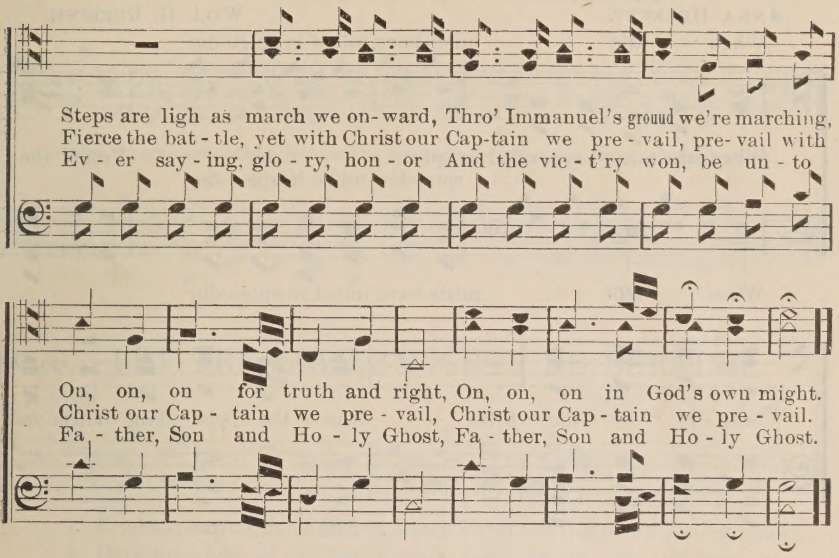
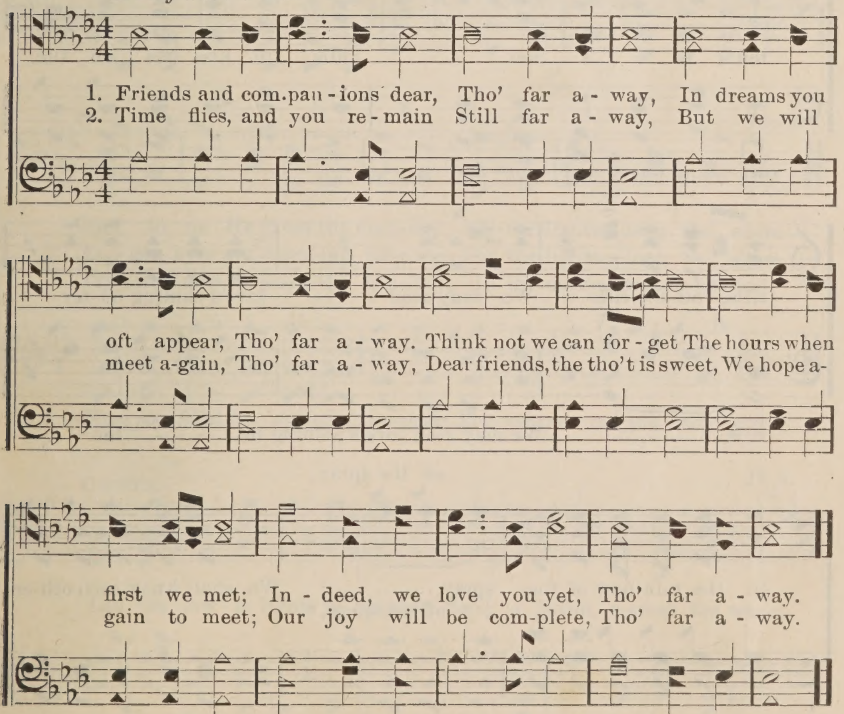

Steps are ligh as march we on-ward, Thro' Immanuel's ground we're marching,
Fierce the bat-tle, yet with Christ our Cap-tain we pre-vail, pre-vail with
Ev-er say-ing, glo-ry, hon-or And the vic-t'ry won, be un-to
On, on, on for truth and right, On, on, on in God's own might.
Christ our Cap-tain we pre-vail, Christ our Cap-tain we pre-vail.
Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

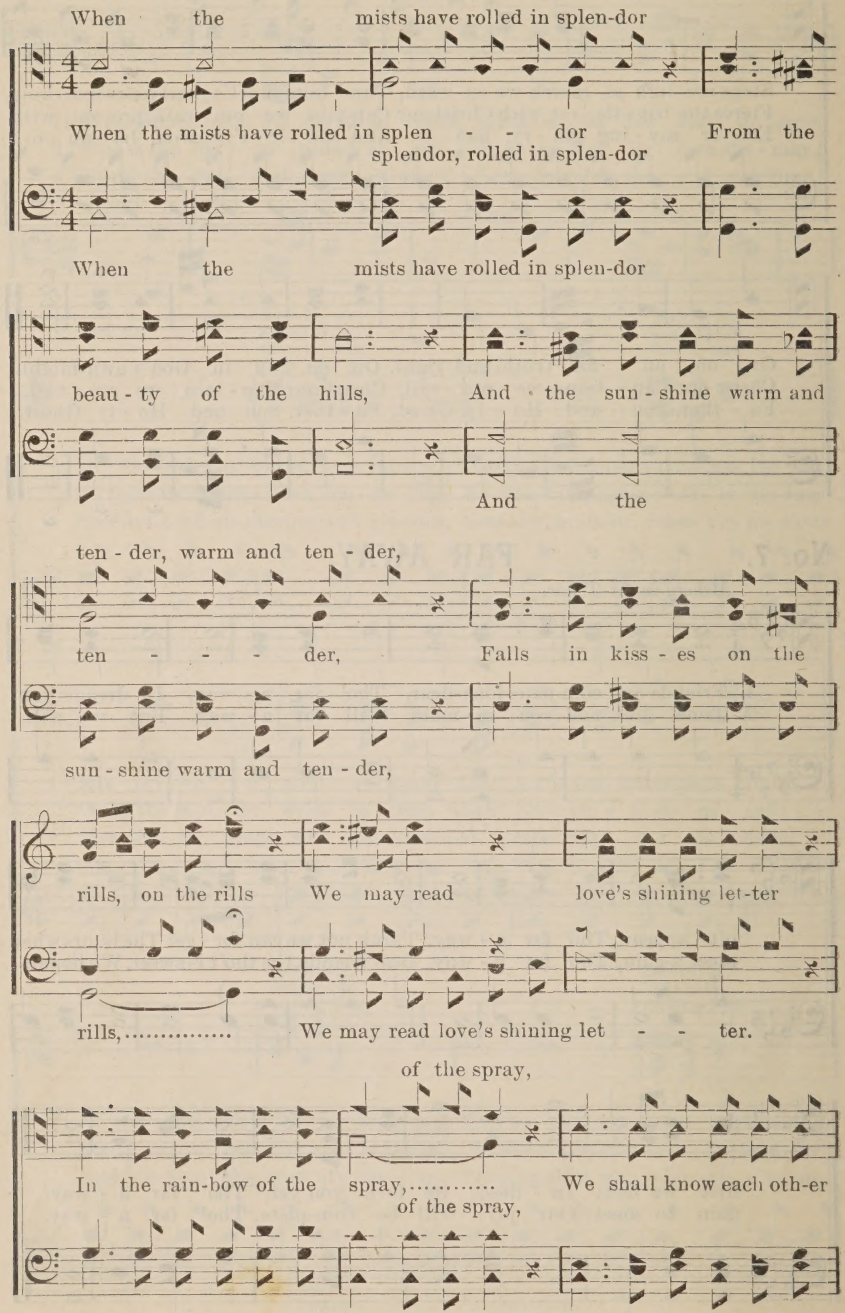
## No. 7. FAR AWAY.

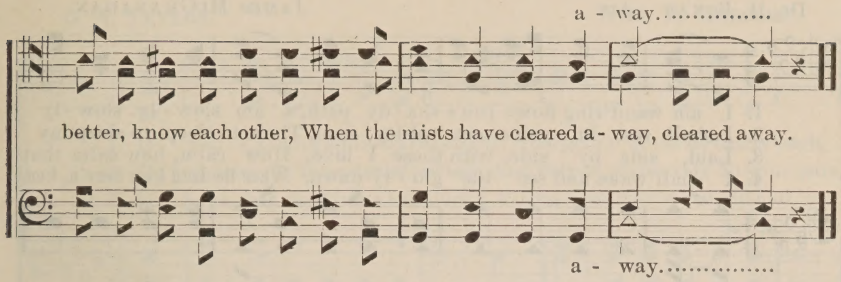
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Friends and com.pan-ions dear, Tho' far a-way, In dreams you
2. Time flies, and you re-main Still far a-way, But we will
oft appear, Tho' far a-way. Think not we can for-get The hours when
meet a-gain, Tho' far a-way, Dear friends, the tho't is sweet, We hope a-
first we met; In-deed, we love you yet, Tho' far a-way.
gain to meet; Our joy will be com-plete, Tho' far a-way.

No. 8.

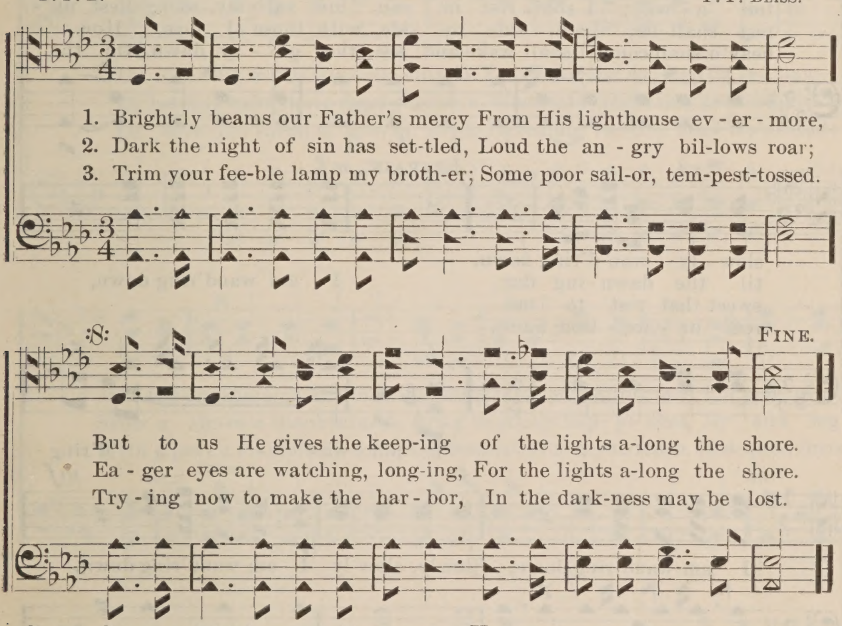
# WHEN THE MISTS.

ANNA HERBERT. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

When the mists have rolled in splen-dor
When the mists have rolled in splen - - dor From the
splendor, rolled in splen-dor
When the mists have rolled in splen-dor
beau - ty of the hills, And the sun - shine warm and
And the
ten - der, warm and ten - der,
ten - - - der, Falls in kiss - es on the
sun - shine warm and ten - der,
rills, on the rills We may read love's shining let-ter
rills,..... We may read love's shining let - - ter.
of the spray,
In the rain-bow of the spray,..... We shall know each oth-er
of the spray,

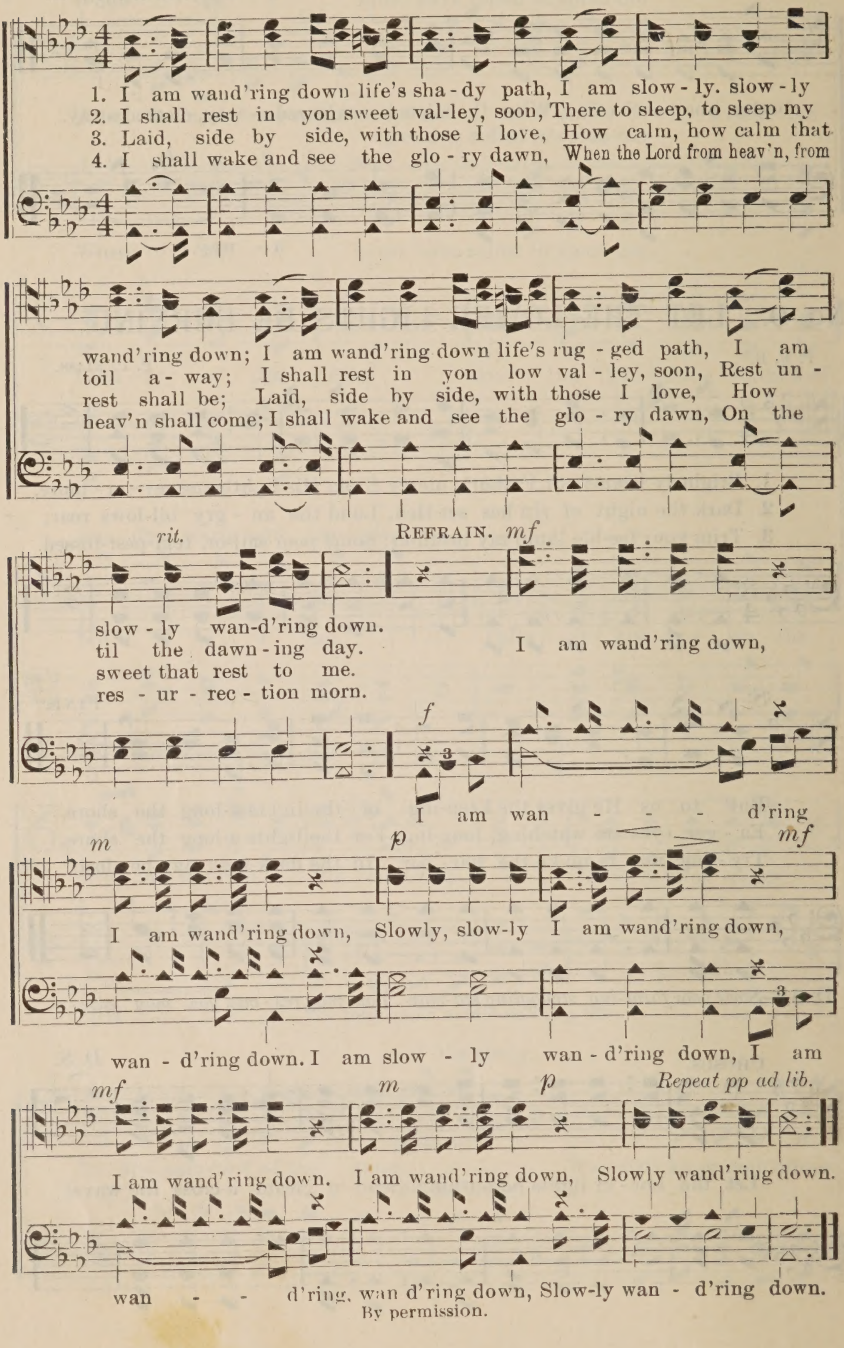



## No. 9. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp my broth-er; Some poor sail-or, tem-pest-tossed.
:S:
Fine.
But to us He gives the keep-ing of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.*
Chosus.
D. S.
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

# No. 10. I AM WANDERING DOWN LIFE'S SHADY PATH.

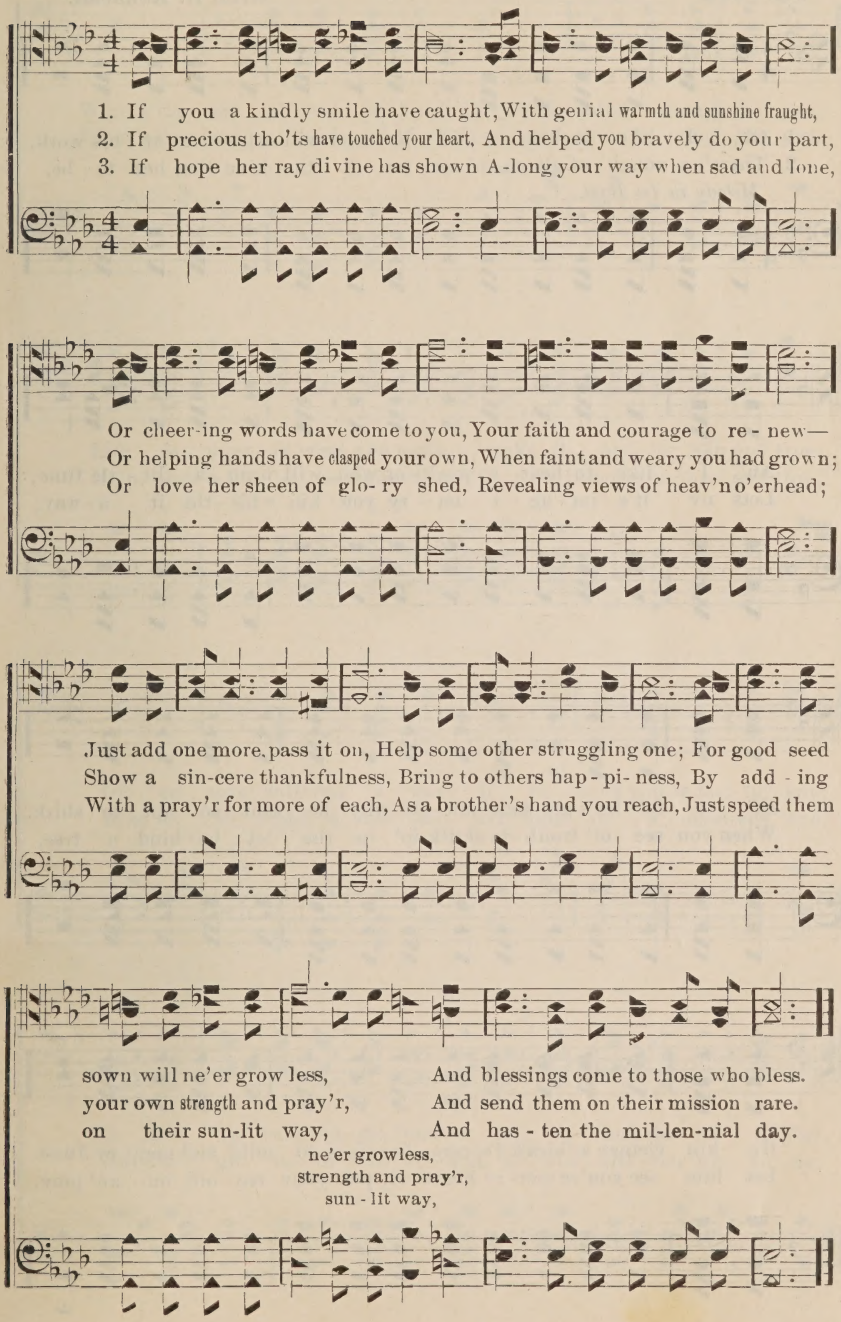
Dr. H. Bonar. Arr. James McGranahan.

1. I am wand'ring down life's sha - dy path, I am slow - ly. slow - ly
2. I shall rest in yon sweet val-ley, soon, There to sleep, to sleep my
3. Laid, side by side, with those I love, How calm, how calm that
4. I shall wake and see the glo - ry dawn, When the Lord from heav'n, from
wand'ring down; I am wand'ring down life's rug - ged path, I am
toil a - way; I shall rest in yon low val - ley, soon, Rest un -
rest shall be; Laid, side by side, with those I love, How
heav'n shall come; I shall wake and see the glo - ry dawn, On the
rit.
Refrain. mf
slow - ly wan-d'ring down.
til the dawn - ing day.
sweet that rest to me.
res - ur - rec - tion morn.
I am wand'ring down,
f
I am wan - - - d'ring
m
p
mf
I am wand'ring down, Slowly, slow-ly I am wand'ring down,
wan - d'ring down. I am slow - ly wan - d'ring down, I am
mf
m
p
Repeat pp ad lib.
I am wand'ring down. I am wand'ring down, Slowly wand'ring down.
wan - - d'ring, wan d'ring down, Slow-ly wan - d'ring down.

By permission.

No. 11.

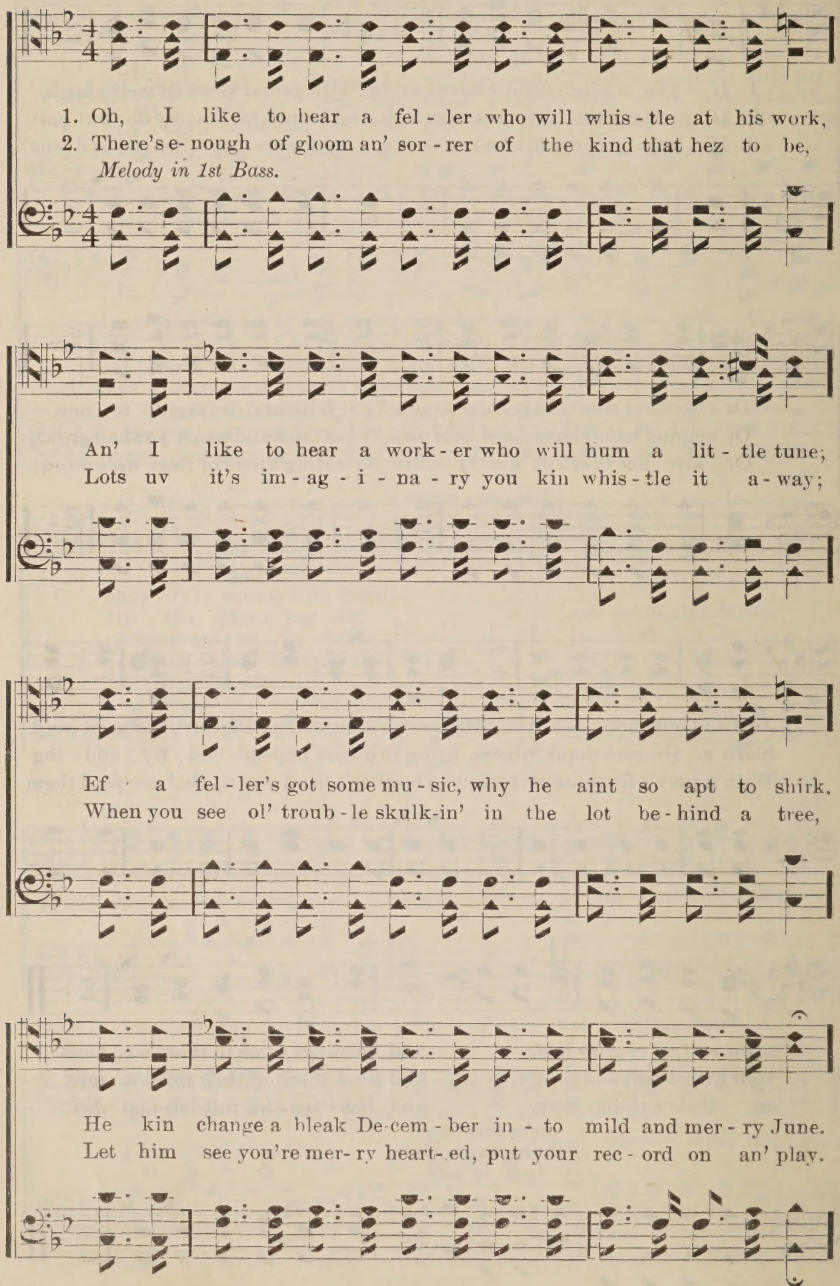
# PASS IT ON.

D. A. TAYLOR. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

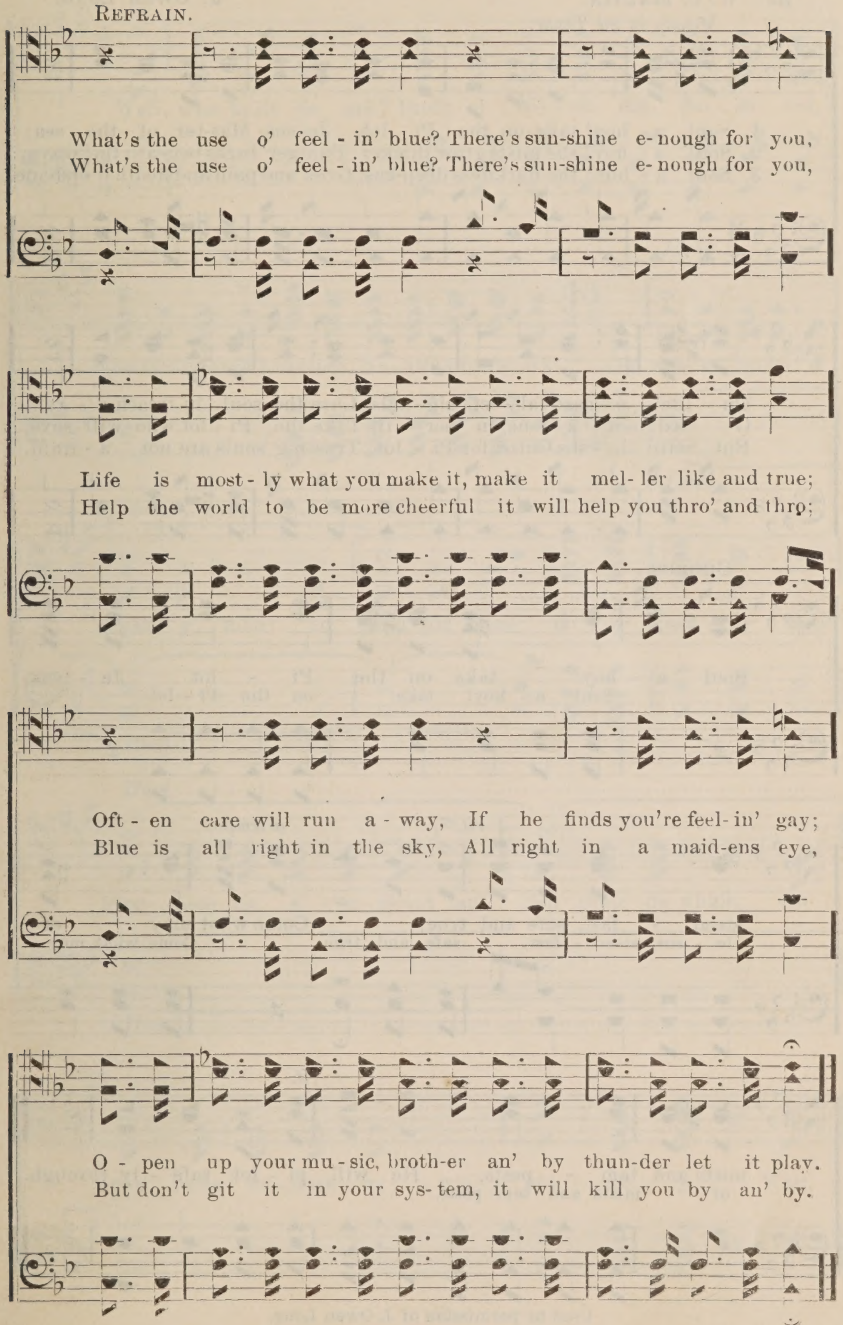

1. If you a kindly smile have caught, With genial warmth and sunshine fraught,
2. If precious tho'ts have touched your heart, And helped you bravely do your part,
3. If hope her ray divine has shown A-long your way when sad and lone,
Or cheer-ing words have come to you, Your faith and courage to re - new—
Or helping hands have clasped your own, When faint and weary you had grown;
Or love her sheen of glo- ry shed, Revealing views of heav'n o'erhead;
Just add one more, pass it on, Help some other struggling one; For good seed
Show a sin-cere thankfulness, Bring to others hap - pi- ness, By add - ing
With a pray'r for more of each, As a brother's hand you reach, Just speed them
sown will ne'er grow less,
your own strength and pray'r,
on their sun-lit way,
And blessings come to those who bless.
And send them on their mission rare.
And has - ten the mil-len-nial day.
ne'er growless,
strength and pray'r,
sun - lit way,

## No. 12. DON'T FEEL BLUE.

JOE CONE. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

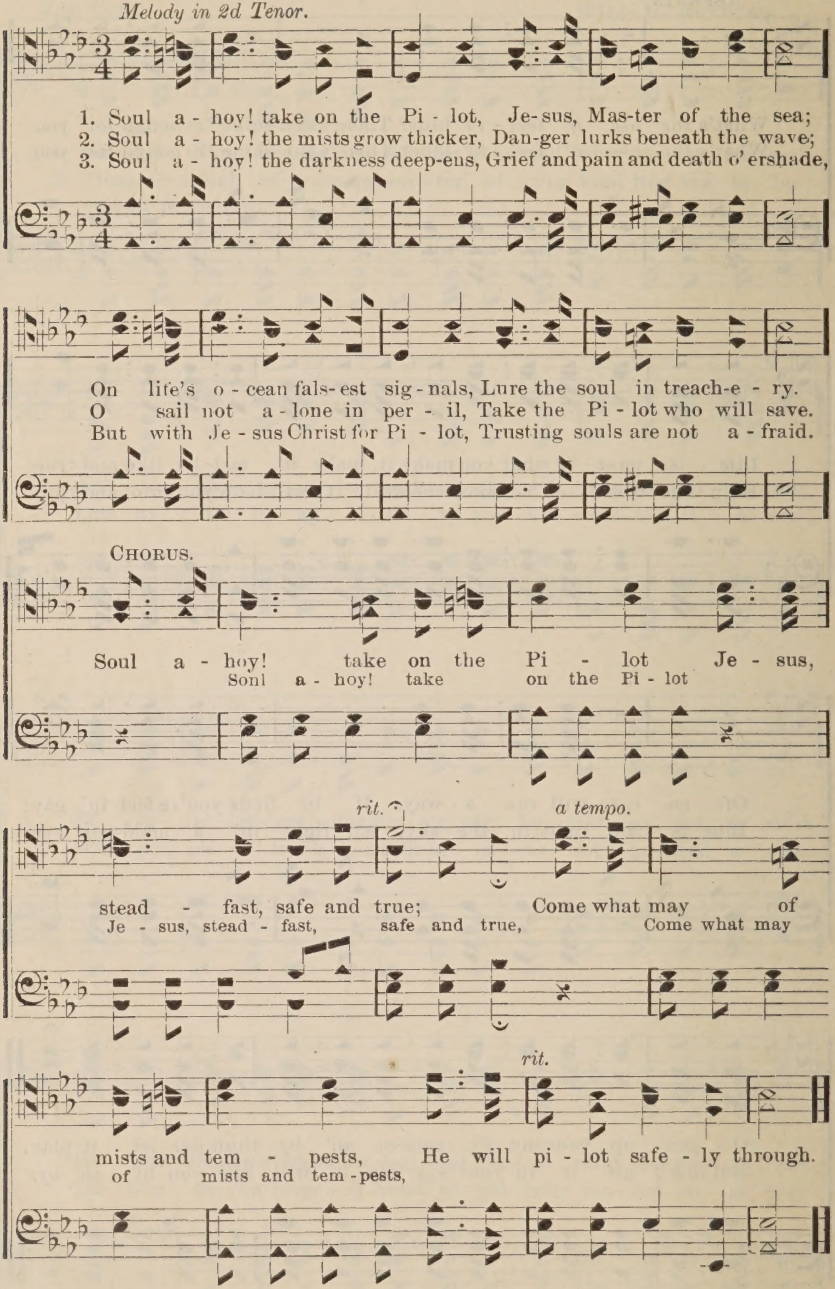

1. Oh, I like to hear a fel - ler who will whis - tle at his work,
2. There's e- nough of gloom an' sor - rer of the kind that hez to be,
Melody in 1st Bass.
An' I like to hear a work - er who will hum a lit - tle tune;
Lots uv it's im - ag - i - na - ry you kin whis - tle it a - way;
Ef a fel - ler's got some mu - sic, why he aint so apt to shirk.
When you see ol' troub - le skulk-in' in the lot be - hind a tree,
He kin change a bleak De-cem - ber in - to mild and mer - ry June.
Let him see you're mer- ry heart- ed, put your rec - ord on an' play.

# DON'T FEEL BLUE.—Concluded.


REFRAIN.
What's the use o' feel - in' blue? There's sun-shine e-nough for you,
What's the use o' feel - in' blue? There's sun-shine e-nough for you,
Life is most - ly what you make it, make it mel- ler like and true;
Help the world to be more cheerful it will help you thro' and thro;
Oft - en care will run a - way, If he finds you're feel- in' gay;
Blue is all right in the sky, All right in a maid-ens eye,
O - pen up your mu - sic, broth-er an' by thun-der let it play.
But don't git it in your sys- tem, it will kill you by an' by.

No. 13.

# SOUL AHOY!

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. J. OWEN LONG.

Melody in 2d Tenor.
1. Soul a - hoy! take on the Pi - lot, Je-sus, Mas-ter of the sea;
2. Soul a - hoy! the mists grow thicker, Dan-ger lurks beneath the wave;
3. Soul a - hoy! the darkness deep-eus, Grief and pain and death o'ershade,
On life's o - cean fals-est sig - nals, Lure the soul in treach-e - ry.
O sail not a - lone in per - il, Take the Pi - lot who will save.
But with Je - sus Christ for Pi - lot, Trusting souls are not a - fraid.
CHORUS.
Soul a - hoy! take on the Pi - lot Je - sus,
Soul a - hoy! take on the Pi - lot
rit.
a tempo.
stead - fast, safe and true; Come what may of
Je - sus, stead - fast, safe and true, Come what may
rit.
mists and tem - pests, He will pi - lot safe - ly through.
of mists and tem - pests,

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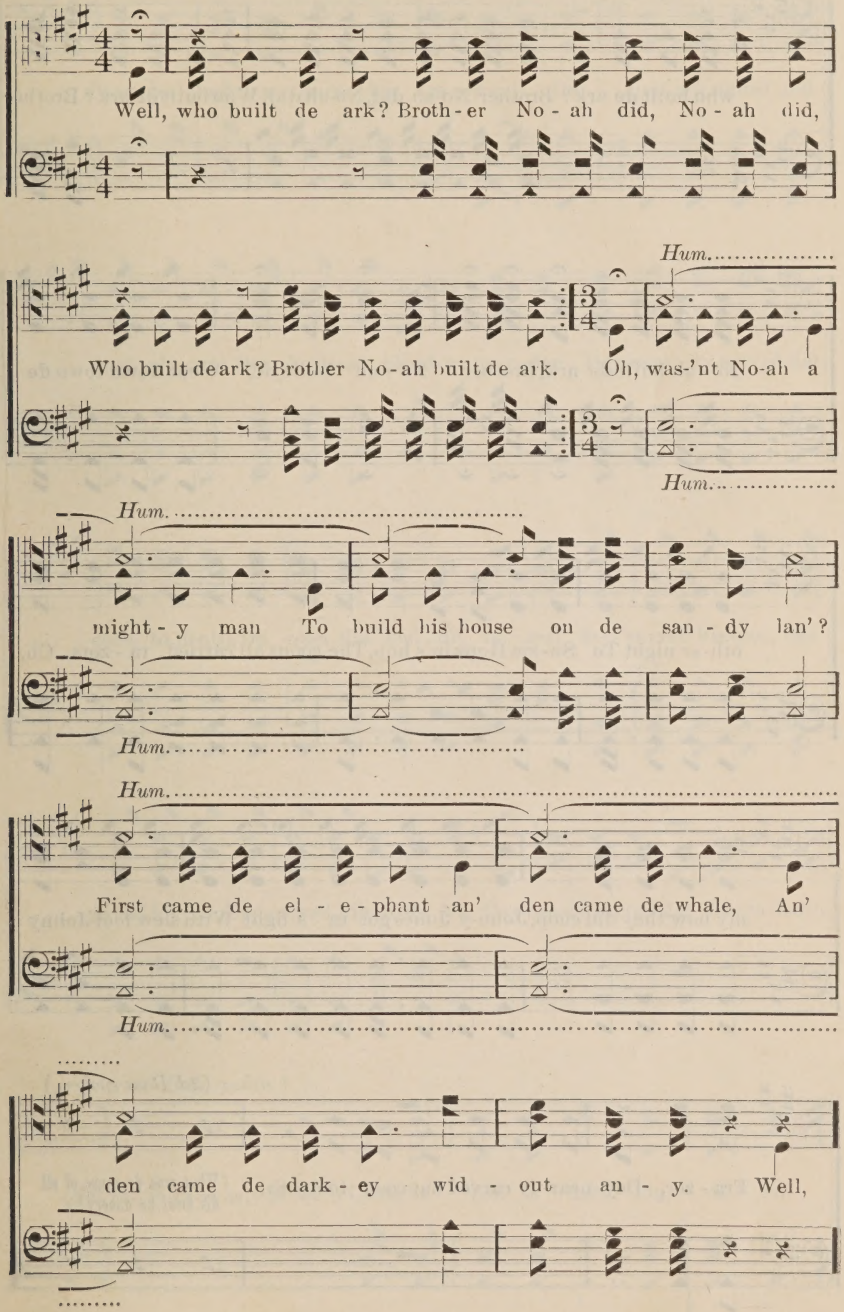
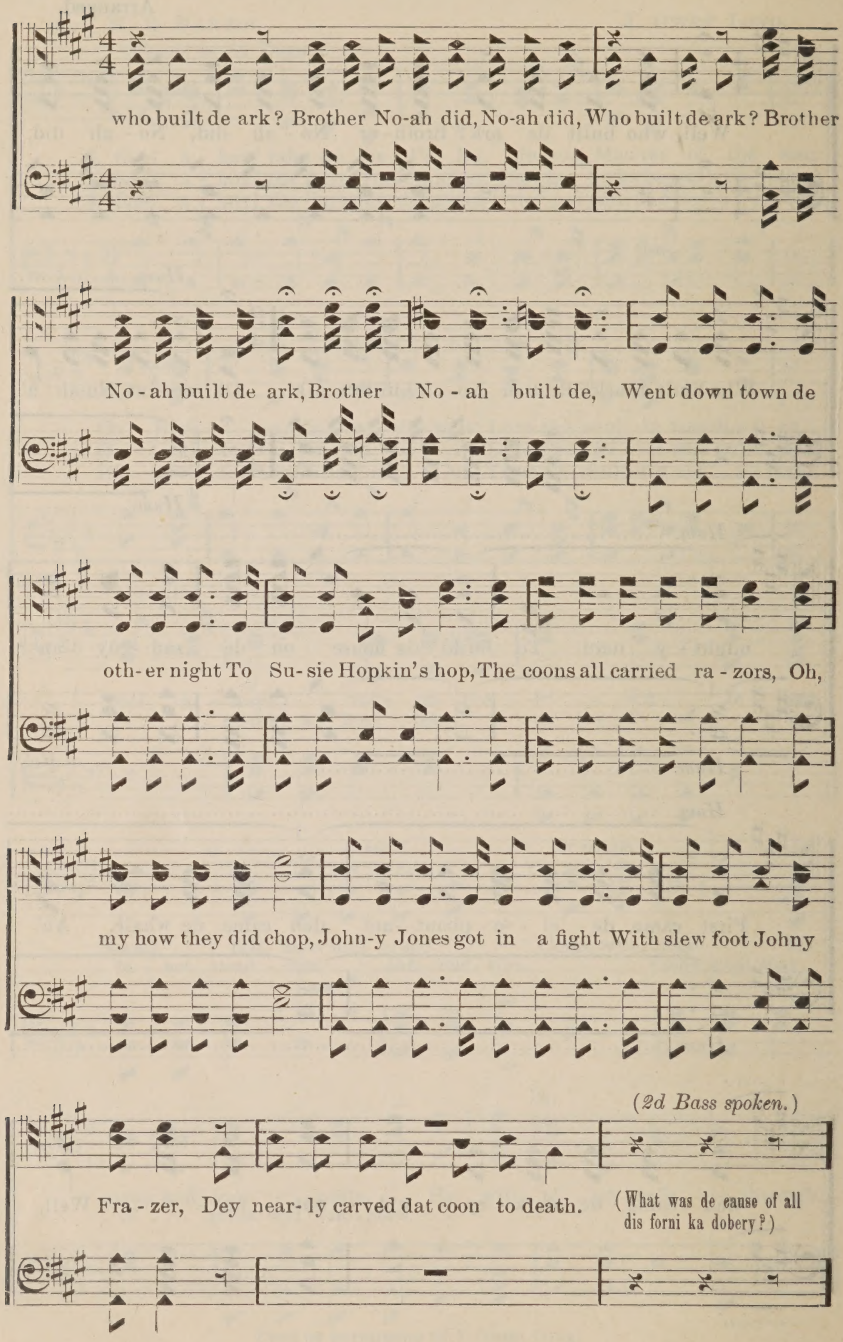
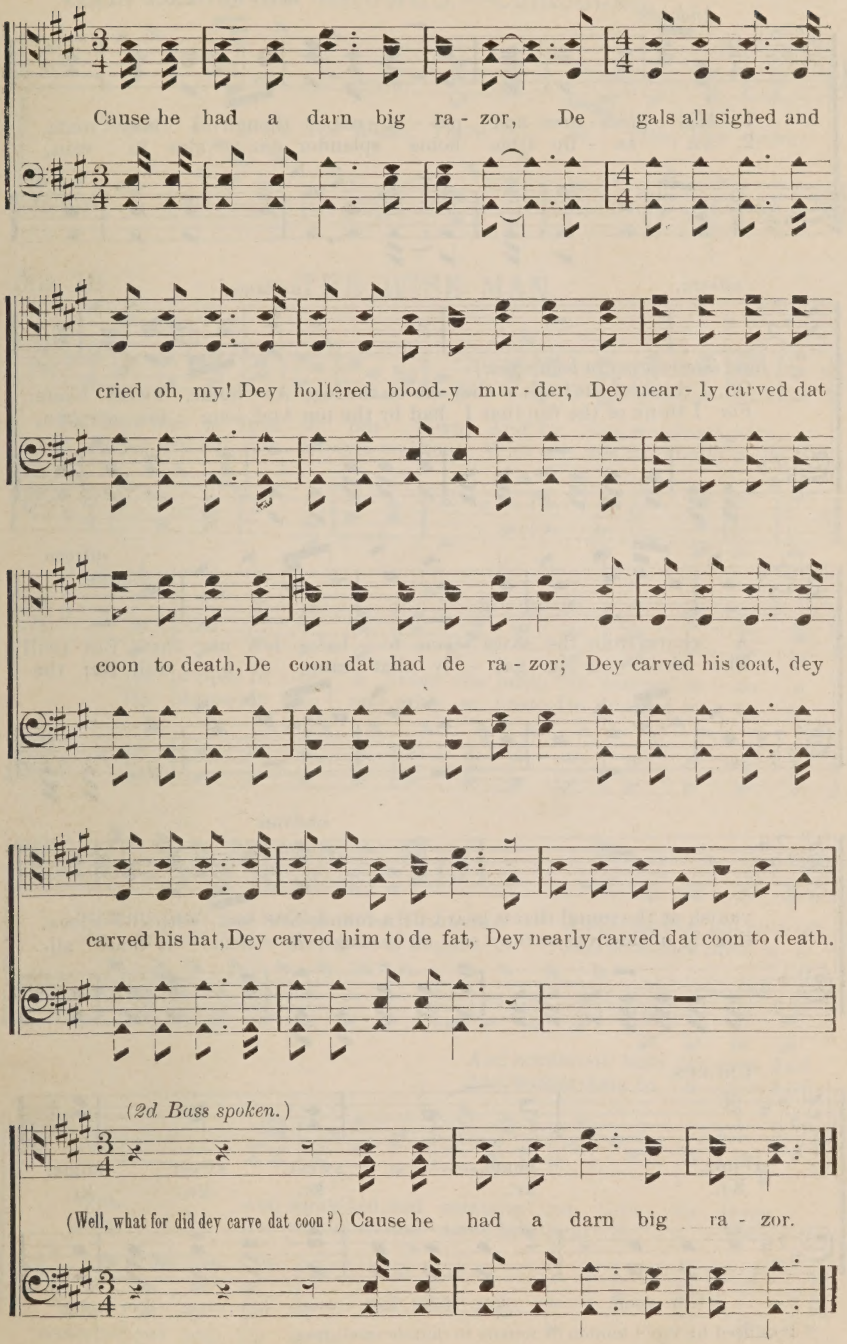
No. 14. WHO BUILT DE ARK?

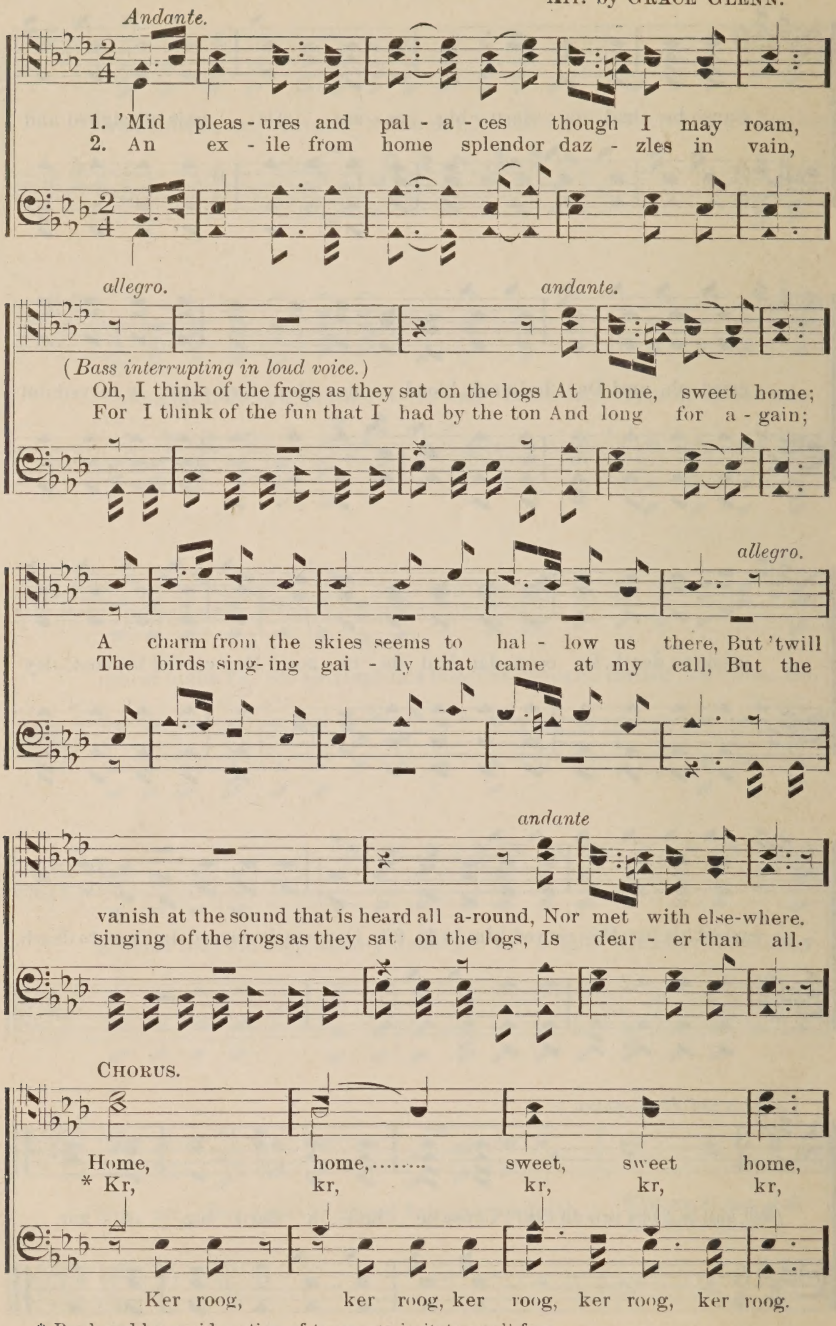
Arranged.

Well, who built de ark? Broth-er No-ah did, No-ah did,
Hum.
Who built de ark? Brother No-ah built de ark. Oh, was-'nt No-ah a
Hum.
Hum.
might-y man To build his house on de san-dy lan'?
Hum.
Hum.
First came de el-e-phant an' den came de whale, An'
Hum.
den came de dark-ey wid-out an-y. Well,

# WHO BUILT DE ARK?—Continued.

who built de ark? Brother No-ah did, No-ah did, Who built de ark? Brother
No - ah built de ark, Brother No - ah built de, Went down town de
oth - er night To Su - sie Hopkin's hop, The coons all carried ra - zors, Oh,
my how they did chop, John-y Jones got in a fight With slew foot Johny
(2d Bass spoken.)
Fra - zer, Dey near - ly carved dat coon to death. (What was de cause of all dis forni ka dobery?)

# WHO BUILT DE ARK?—Concluded.

Cause he had a darn big ra - zor, De gals all sighed and
cried oh, my! Dey hollered blood-y mur - der, Dey near - ly carved dat
coon to death, De coon dat had de ra - zor; Dey carved his coat, dey
carved his hat, Dey carved him to de fat, Dey nearly carved dat coon to death.
(2d Bass spoken.)
(Well, what for did dey carve dat coon?) Cause he had a darn big ra - zor.

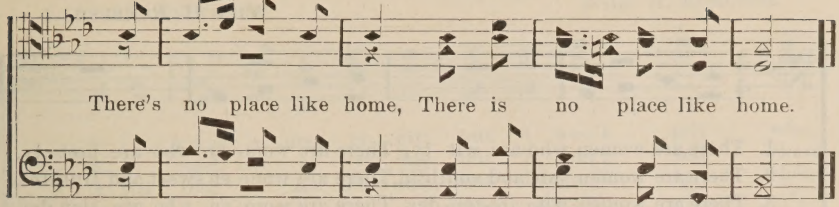
No. 15.

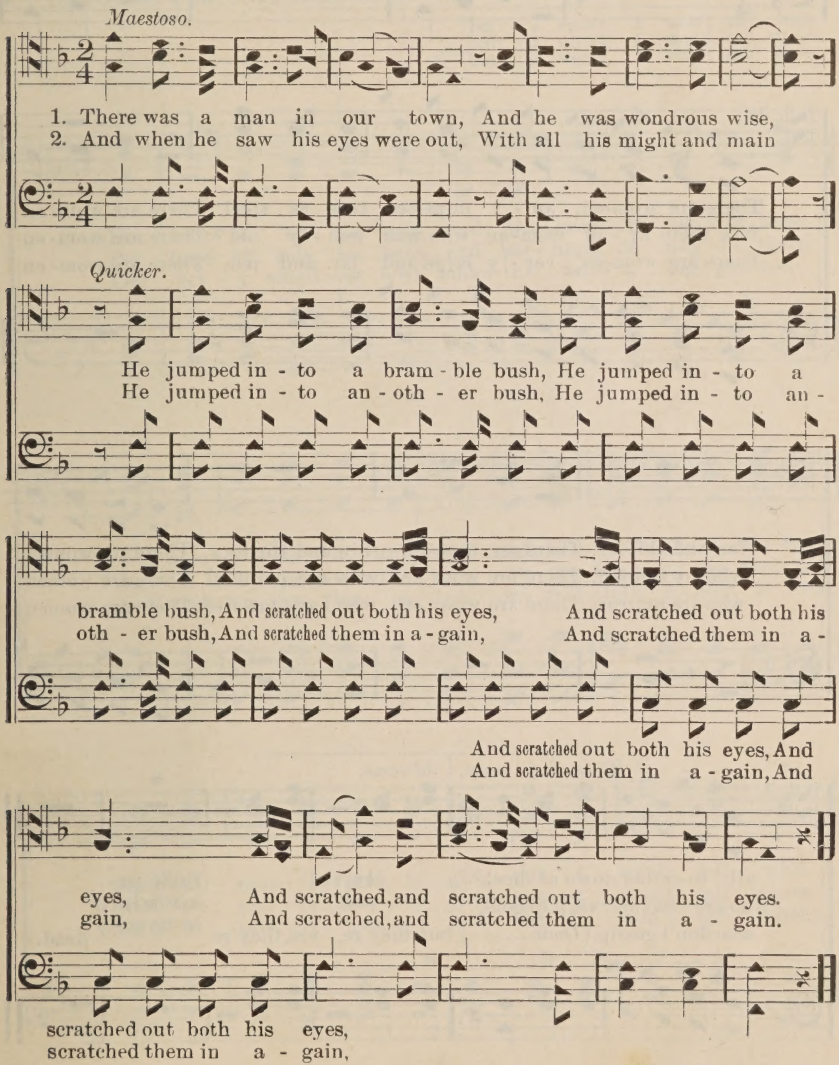
# FROG CHORUS.

Arr. by GRACE GLENN.

Andante.
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though I may roam,
2. An ex - ile from home splendor daz - zles in vain,
allegro.
andante.
(Bass interrupting in loud voice.)
Oh, I think of the frogs as they sat on the logs At home, sweet home;
For I think of the fun that I had by the ton And long for a - gain;
allegro.
A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, But 'twill
The birds sing-ing gai - ly that came at my call, But the
andante
vanish at the sound that is heard all a-round, Nor met with else-where.
singing of the frogs as they sat on the logs, Is dear - er than all.
CHORUS.
Home, home,..... sweet, sweet home,
* Kr, kr, kr, kr, kr,
Ker roog, ker roog, ker roog, ker roog, ker roog.

* Produced by rapid motion of tongue to imitate small frog.

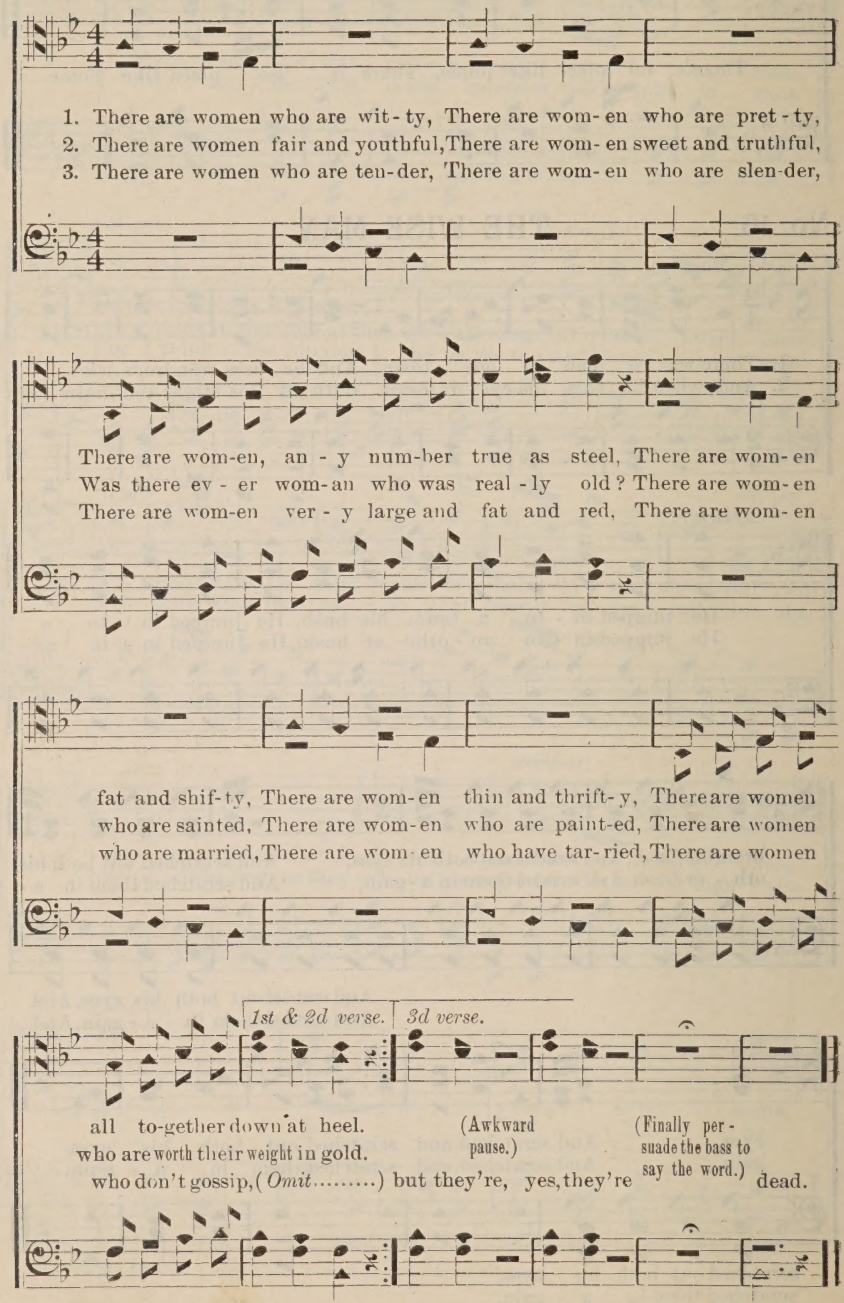
## FROG CHORUS.--Concluded.




## No. 16. THE WISE MAN.

Maestoso.
1. There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise,
2. And when he saw his eyes were out, With all his might and main
Quicker.
He jumped in - to a bram - ble bush, He jumped in - to a
He jumped in - to an - oth - er bush, He jumped in - to an -
bramble bush, And scratched out both his eyes, And scratched out both his
oth - er bush, And scratched them in a - gain, And scratched them in a -
And scratched out both his eyes, And
And scratched them in a - gain, And
eyes, And scratched, and scratched out both his eyes.
gain, And scratched, and scratched them in a - gain.
scratched out both his eyes,
scratched them in a - gain,

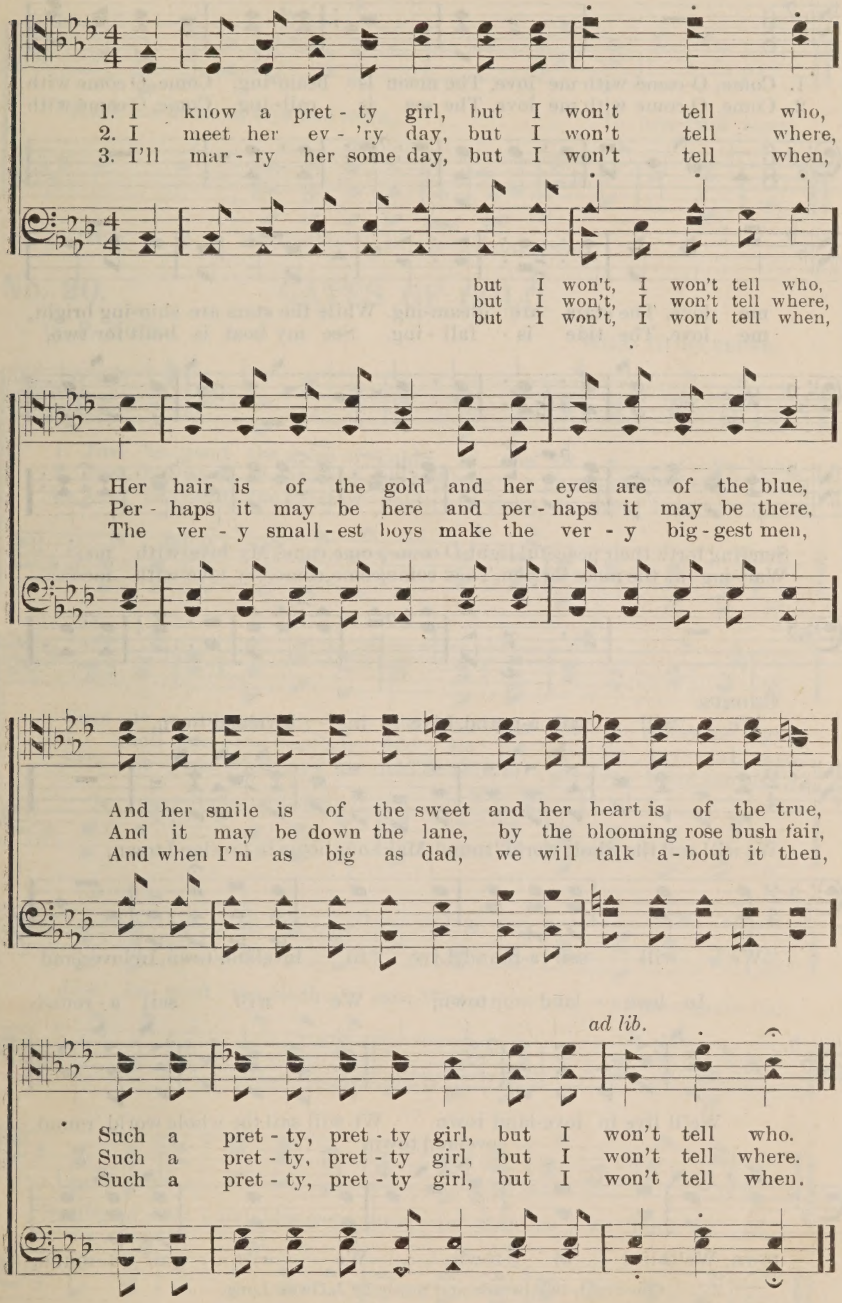
No. 17.

# WOMAN.

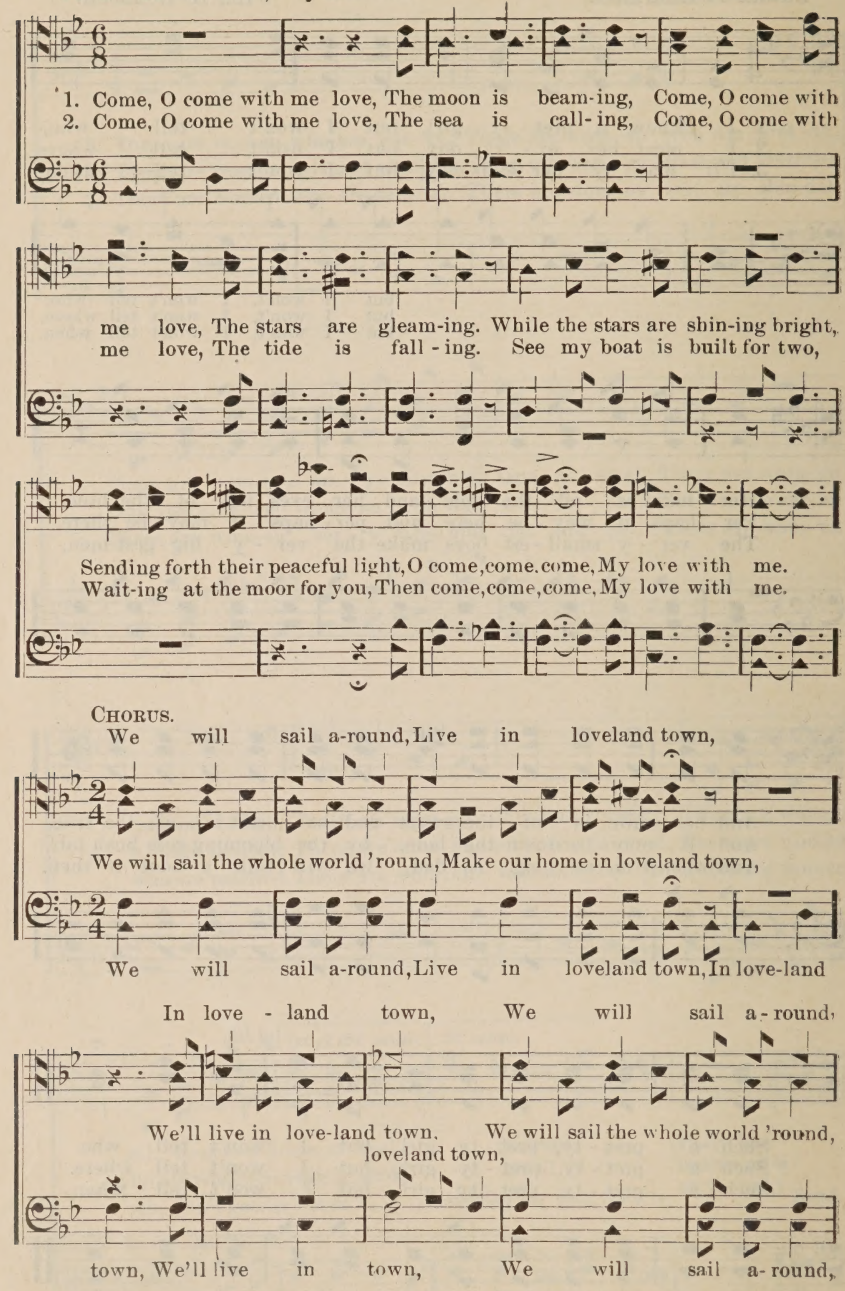
WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. There are women who are wit-ty, There are wom-en who are pret-ty,
2. There are women fair and youthful, There are wom-en sweet and truthful,
3. There are women who are ten-der, There are wom-en who are slen-der,
There are wom-en, an-y num-ber true as steel, There are wom-en
Was there ev-er wom-an who was real-ly old? There are wom-en
There are wom-en ver-y large and fat and red, There are wom-en
fat and shif-ty, There are wom-en thin and thrift-y, There are women
who are sainted, There are wom-en who are paint-ed, There are women
who are married, There are wom-en who have tar-ried, There are women
1st & 2d verse.
3d verse.
all to-gether down at heel.
who are worth their weight in gold.
who don't gossip, (Omit.....) but they're, yes, they're
(Awkward pause.)
(Finally per-suade the bass to say the word.)
dead.

No. 18.

# I KNOW A GIRL.

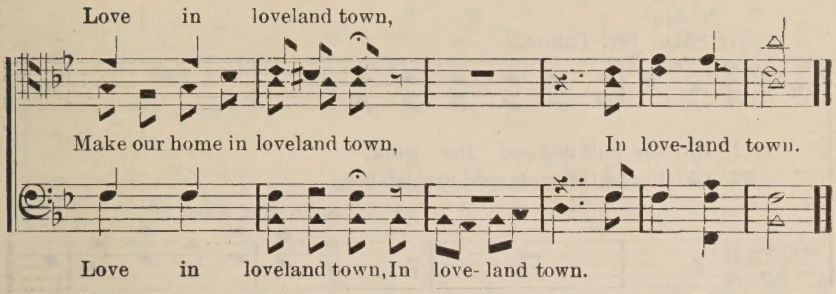
LAURA E. RICHARDS. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. I know a pret - ty girl, but I won't tell who,
2. I meet her ev - 'ry day, but I won't tell where,
3. I'll mar - ry her some day, but I won't tell when,
but I won't, I won't tell who,
but I won't, I won't tell where,
but I won't, I won't tell when,
Her hair is of the gold and her eyes are of the blue,
Per - haps it may be here and per - haps it may be there,
The ver - y small - est boys make the ver - y big - gest men,
And her smile is of the sweet and her heart is of the true,
And it may be down the lane, by the blooming rose bush fair,
And when I'm as big as dad, we will talk a - bout it then,
ad lib.
Such a pret - ty, pret - ty girl, but I won't tell who.
Such a pret - ty, pret - ty girl, but I won't tell where.
Such a pret - ty, pret - ty girl, but I won't tell when.

## No. 19. IN LOVELAND TOWN.

From "Lorna Doone," by MILDRED. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Come, O come with me love, The moon is beam-ing, Come, O come with
2. Come, O come with me love, The sea is call-ing, Come, O come with
me love, The stars are gleam-ing. While the stars are shin-ing bright,
me love, The tide is fall-ing. See my boat is built for two,
Sending forth their peaceful light, O come, come. come, My love with me.
Wait-ing at the moor for you, Then come, come, come, My love with me.
CHORUS.
We will sail a-round, Live in loveland town,
We will sail the whole world 'round, Make our home in loveland town,
We will sail a-round, Live in loveland town, In love-land
In love-land town, We will sail a-round,
We'll live in love-land town. We will sail the whole world 'round,
loveland town,
town, We'll live in town, We will sail a-round,

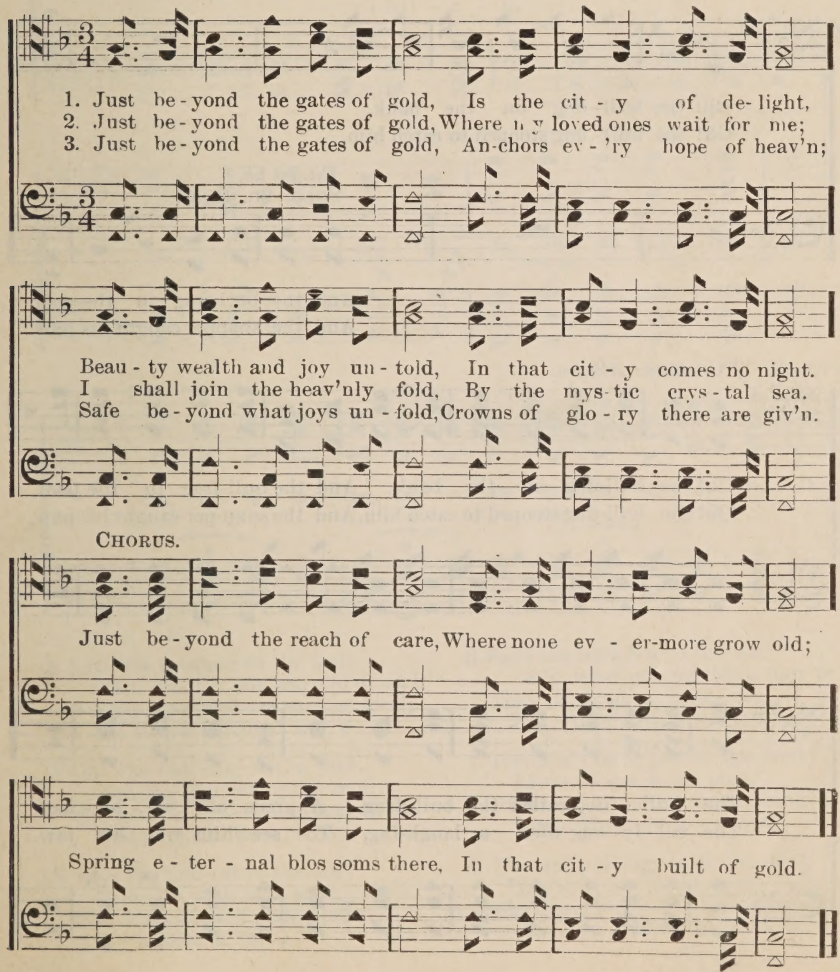
Copyright, 1920, words and music by J. Owen Long.

## IN LOVELAND TOWN.—Concluded.

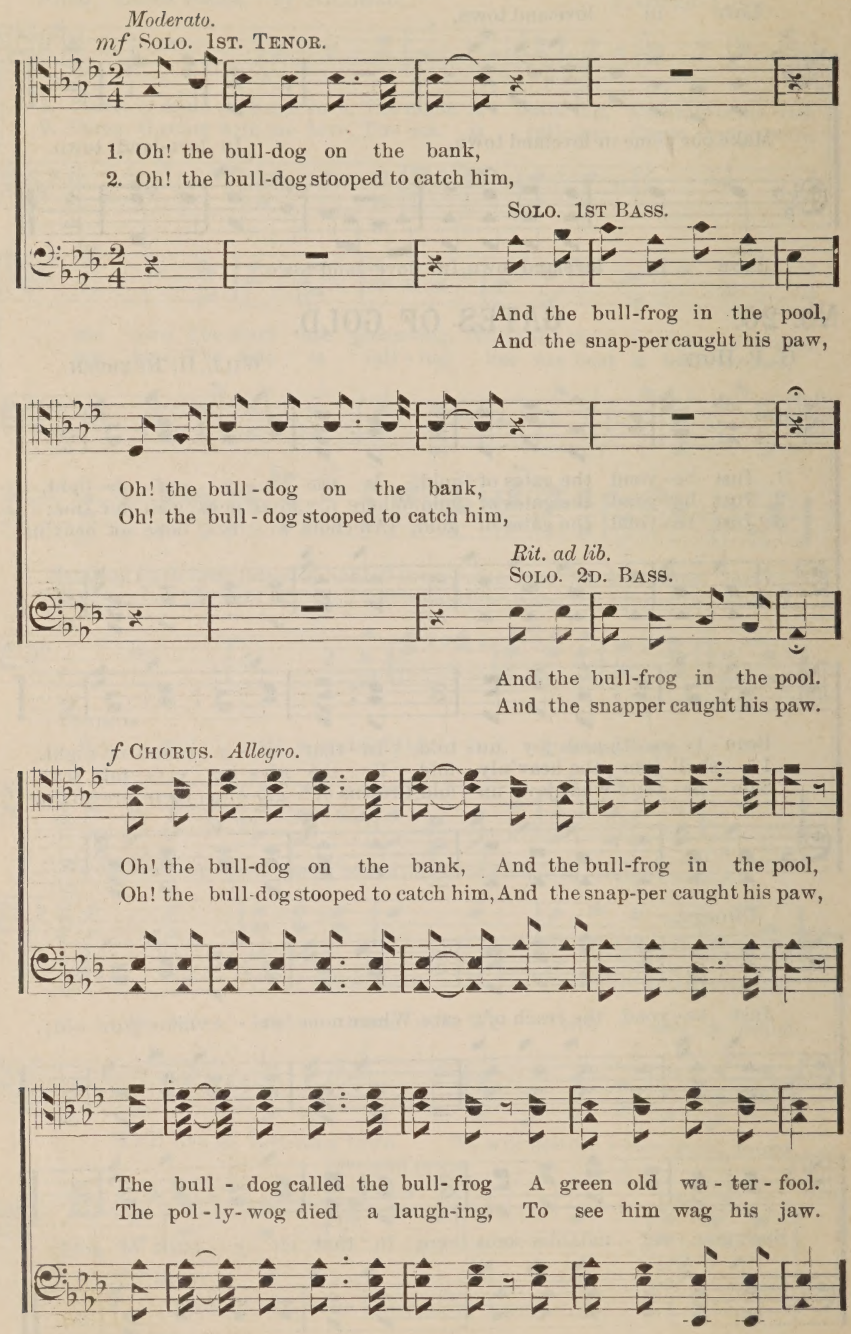


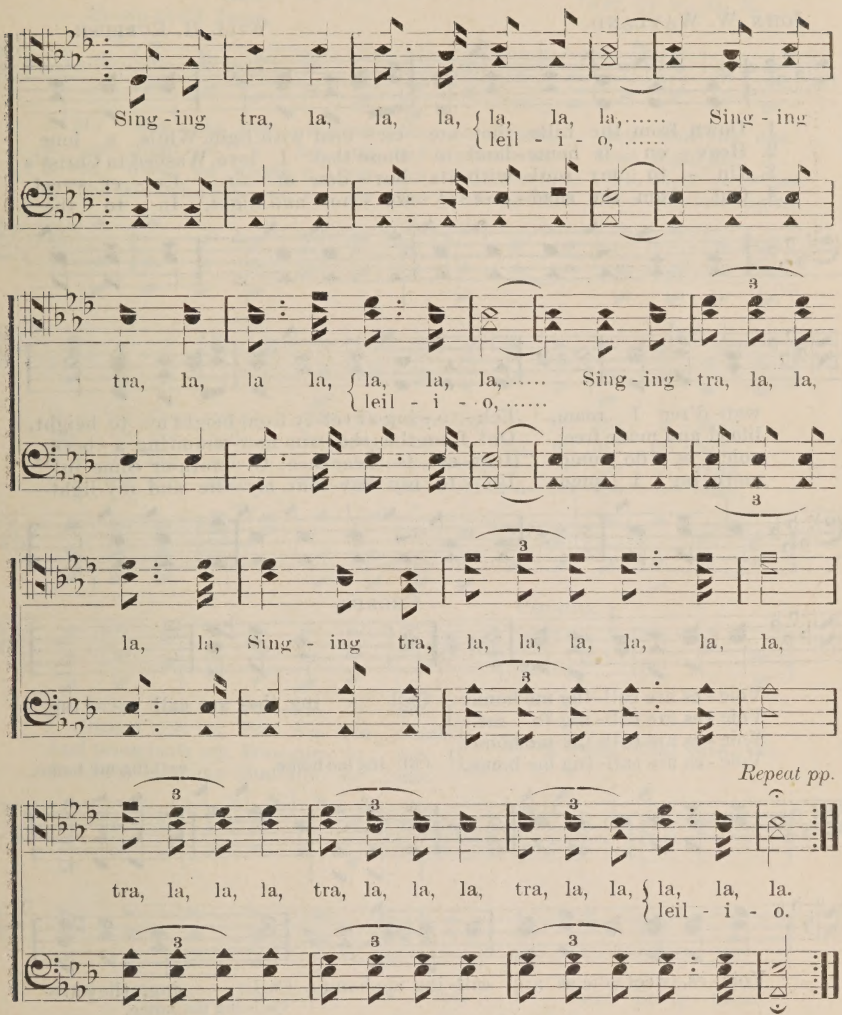

## No. 20. GATES OF GOLD.

G. P. HOTT. WILL H. RUEBUSH.


1. Just be-yond the gates of gold, Is the cit-y of de-light,
2. Just be-yond the gates of gold, Where my loved ones wait for me;
3. Just be-yond the gates of gold, An-chors ev-'ry hope of heav'n;
Beau-ty wealth and joy un-told, In that cit-y comes no night.
I shall join the heav'nly fold, By the mys-tic crys-tal sea.
Safe be-yond what joys un-fold, Crowns of glo-ry there are giv'n.
CHORUS.
Just be-yond the reach of care, Where none ev-er-more grow old;
Spring e-ter-nal blos soms there, In that cit-y built of gold.

No. 21. THE BULL-DOG.


Moderato.
mf SOLO. 1ST. TENOR.
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
SOLO. 1ST BASS.
And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
Rit. ad lib.
SOLO. 2D. BASS.
And the bull-frog in the pool.
And the snapper caught his paw.
f CHORUS. Allegro.
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool,
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw,
The bull-dog called the bull-frog A green old wa-ter-fool.
The pol-ly-wog died a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

# THE BULL-DOG.—Concluded.

Sing - ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, ..... Sing - ing
leil - i - o, .....
tra, la, la la, la, la, la, ..... Sing - ing tra, la, la,
leil - i - o, .....
la, la, Sing - ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Repeat pp.
tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.
leil - i - o.

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practicing the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

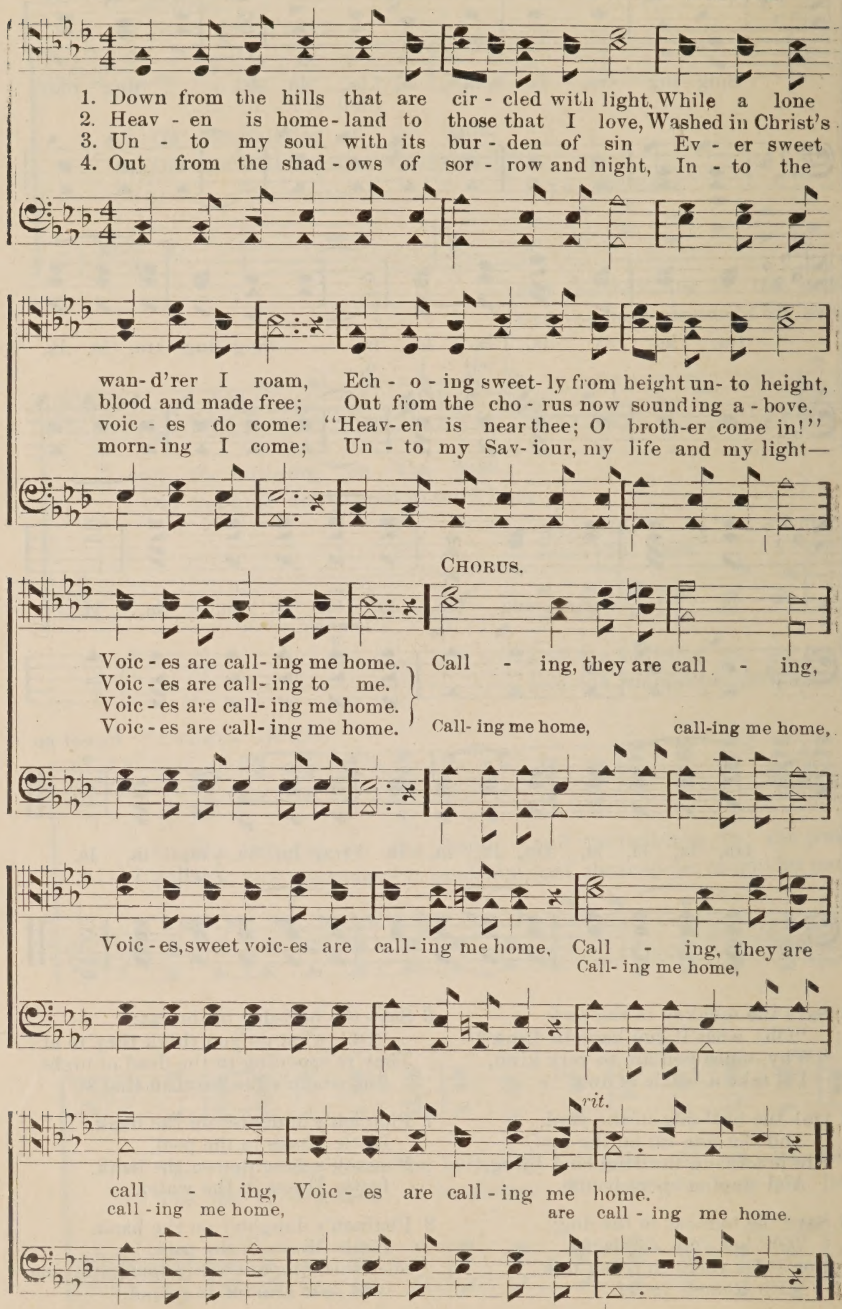
5 Says the tom-cat to the dog;
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tete-a-tete
With Romeo, incog."

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water.

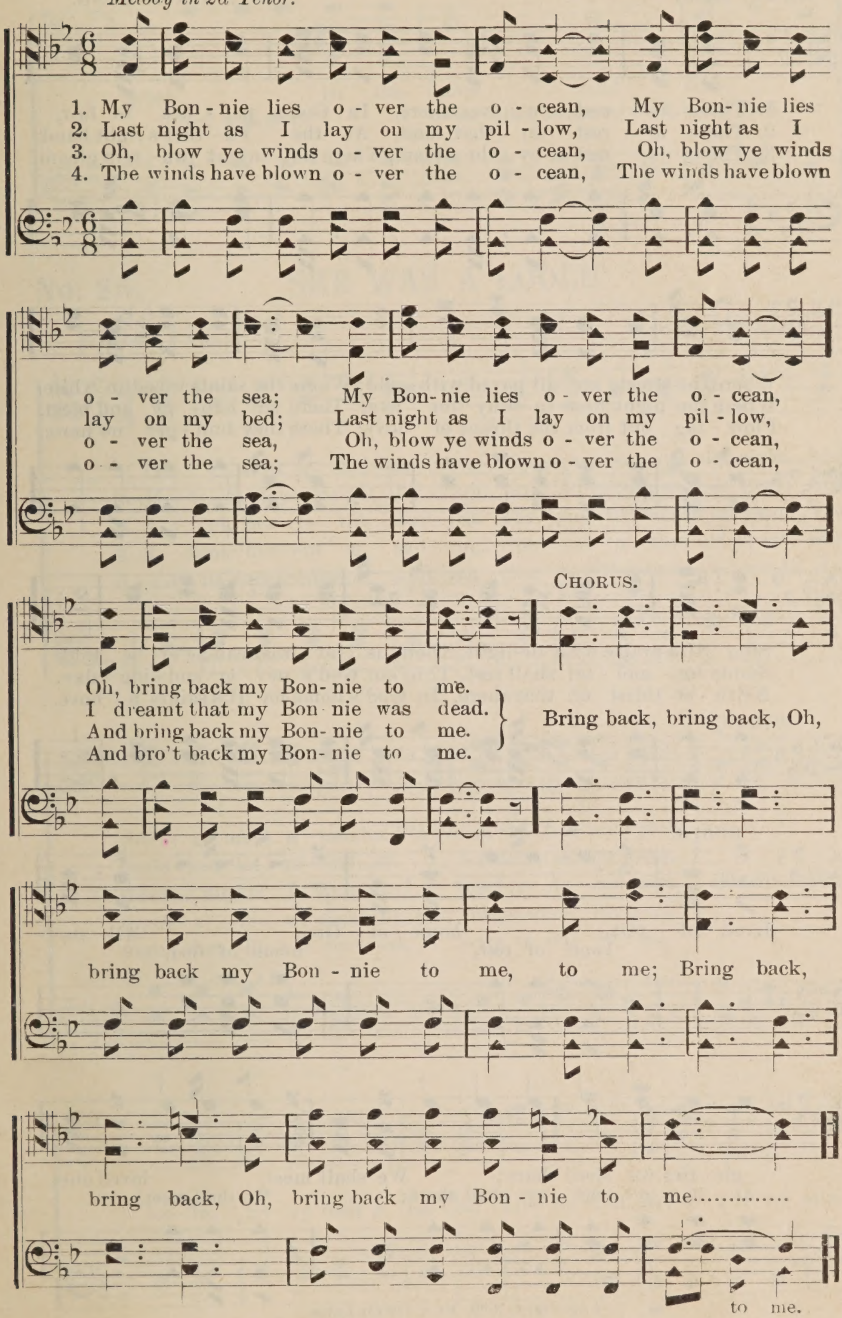
8 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole
And sent him off to school.

## No. 22. VOICES ARE CALLING ME.

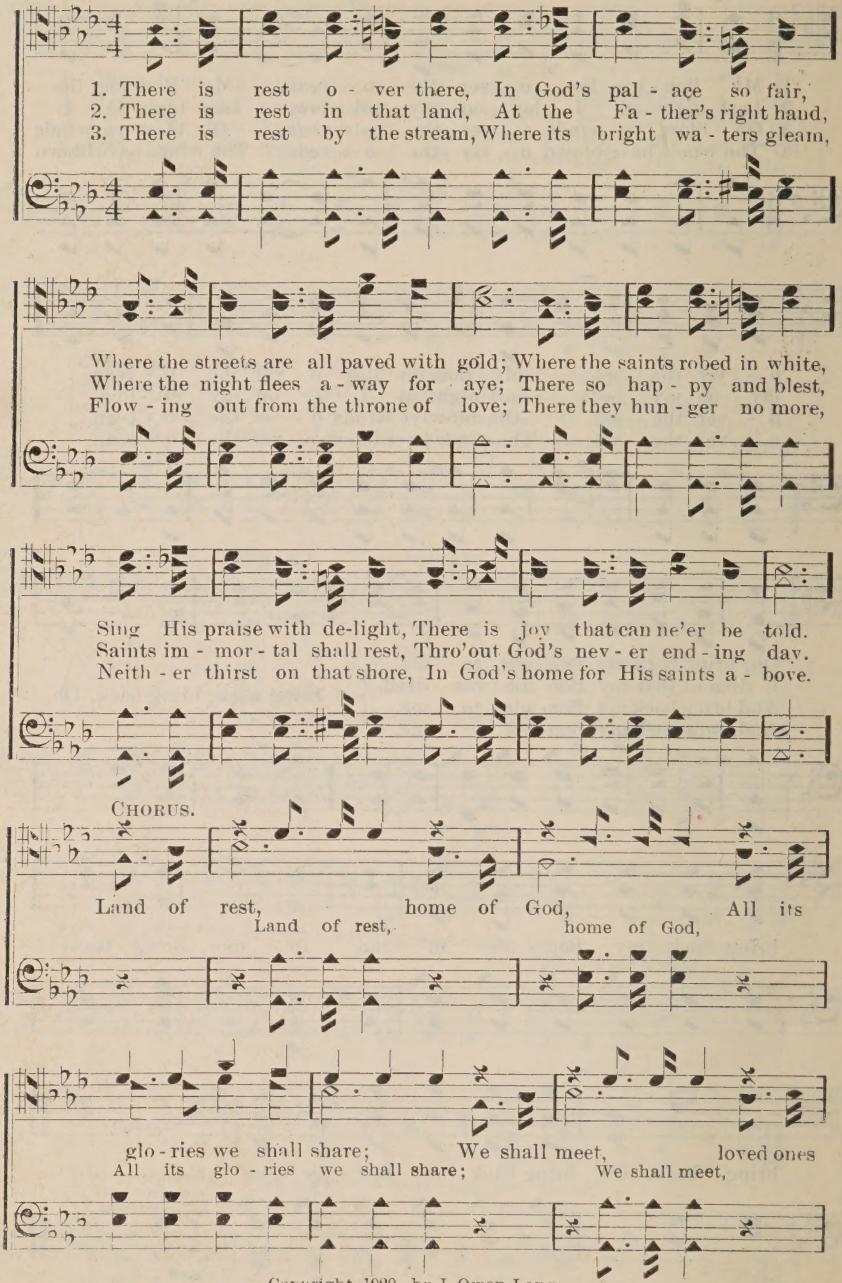
JOHN W. WAYLAND. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Down from the hills that are cir - cled with light, While a lone
2. Heav - en is home - land to those that I love, Washed in Christ's
3. Un - to my soul with its bur - den of sin Ev - er sweet
4. Out from the shad - ows of sor - row and night, In - to the
wan - d'rer I roam, Ech - o - ing sweet - ly from height un - to height,
blood and made free; Out from the cho - rus now sounding a - bove,
voic - es do come: "Heav - en is near thee; O broth - er come in!"
morn - ing I come; Un - to my Sav - iour, my life and my light—
CHORUS.
Voic - es are call - ing me home.
Voic - es are call - ing to me.
Voic - es are call - ing me home.
Voic - es are call - ing me home.
Call - ing, they are call - ing,
Call - ing me home, call - ing me home,
Voic - es, sweet voic - es are call - ing me home, Call - ing, they are
Call - ing me home,
rit.
call - ing, Voic - es are call - ing me home.
call - ing me home, are call - ing me home.

## No. 23. MY BONNIE.

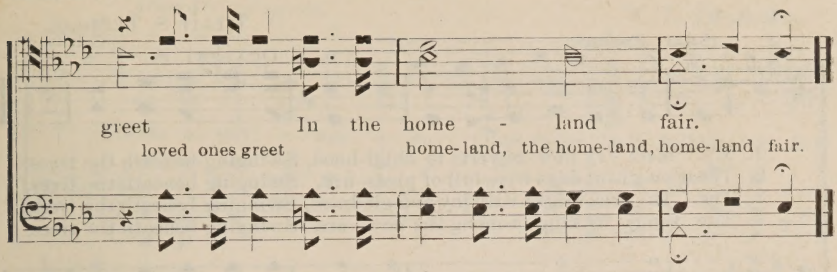
Arr. by W. H. R.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie lies
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I
3. Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean, Oh, blow ye winds
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, The winds have blown
o - ver the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,
lay on my bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low,
o - ver the sea, Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,
o - ver the sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,
CHORUS.
Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead.
And bring back my Bon - nie to me.
And bro't back my Bon - nie to me.
Bring back, bring back, Oh,
bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me; Bring back,
bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
to me.

# No. 24. THERE IS REST IN THE HOMELAND.

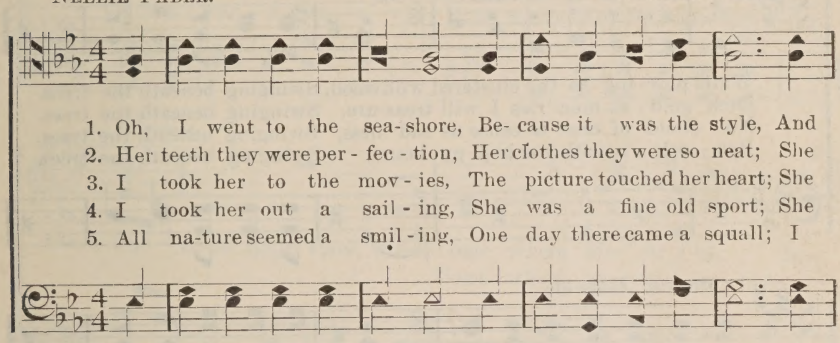
IRA S. LONG. J. OWEN LONG.

1. There is rest o - ver there, In God's pal - ace so fair,
2. There is rest in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand,
3. There is rest by the stream, Where its bright wa - ters gleam,
Where the streets are all paved with gold; Where the saints robed in white,
Where the night flees a - way for aye; There so hap - py and blest,
Flow - ing out from the throne of love; There they hun - ger no more,
Sing His praise with de-light, There is joy that can ne'er be told.
Saints im - mor - tal shall rest, Thro'out God's nev - er end - ing day.
Neith - er thirst on that shore, In God's home for His saints a - bove.
CHORUS.
Land of rest, home of God, All its
Land of rest, home of God,
glo - ries we shall share; We shall meet, loved ones
All its glo - ries we shall share; We shall meet,

Copyright, 1920, by J. Owen Long.

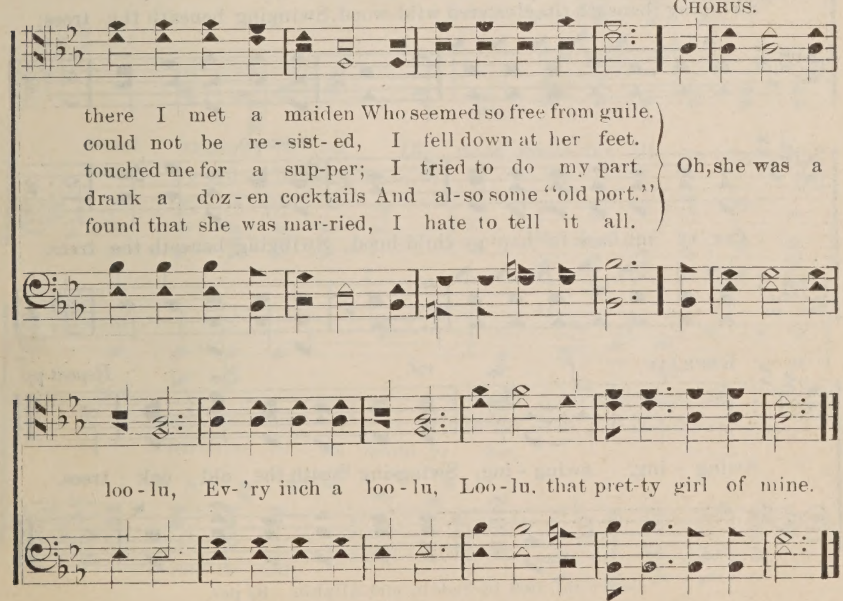



## No. 25. SHE WAS A LOOLU.

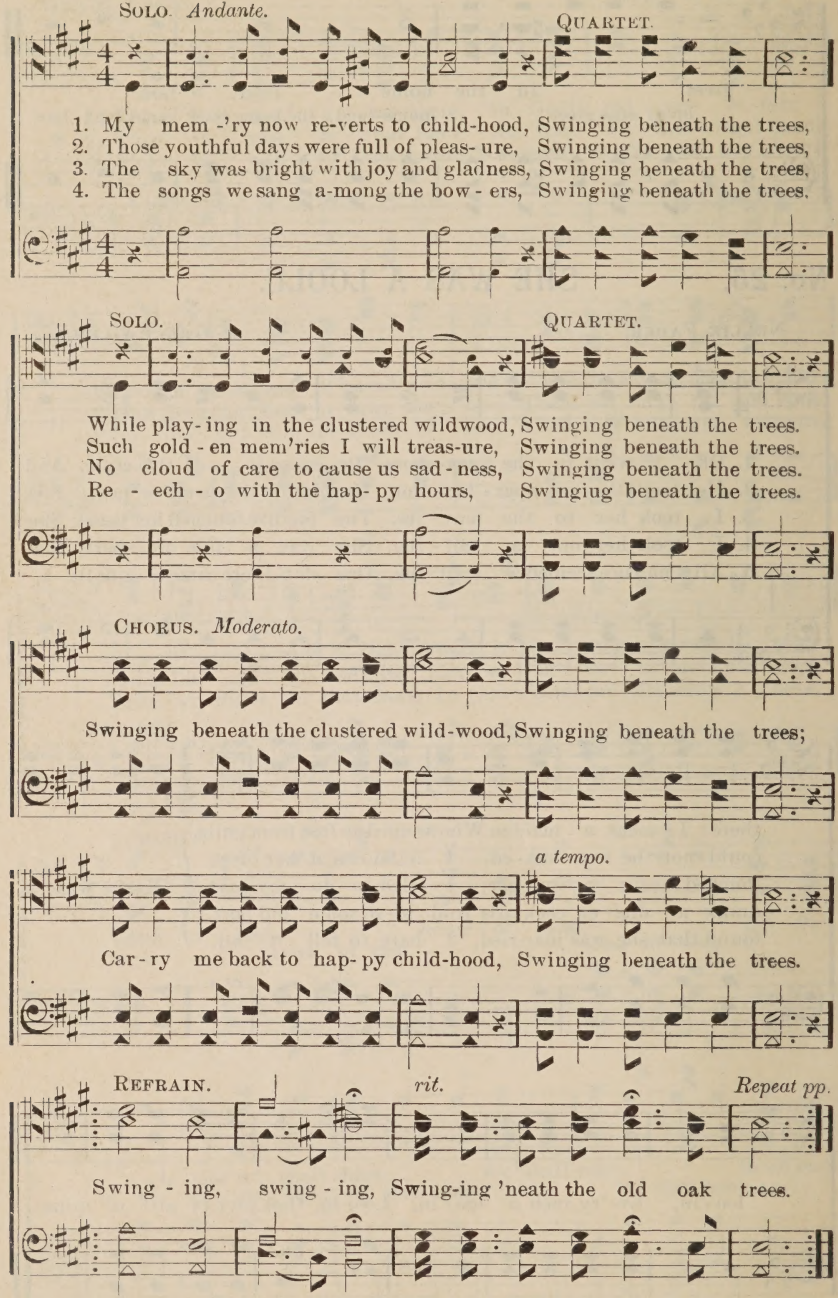
NELLIE FABER. GRACE GLENN.


1. Oh, I went to the sea-shore, Be-cause it was the style, And
2. Her teeth they were per-fec-tion, Her clothes they were so neat; She
3. I took her to the mov-ies, The picture touched her heart; She
4. I took her out a sail-ing, She was a fine old sport; She
5. All na-ture seemed a smil-ing, One day there came a squall; I

CHORUS.

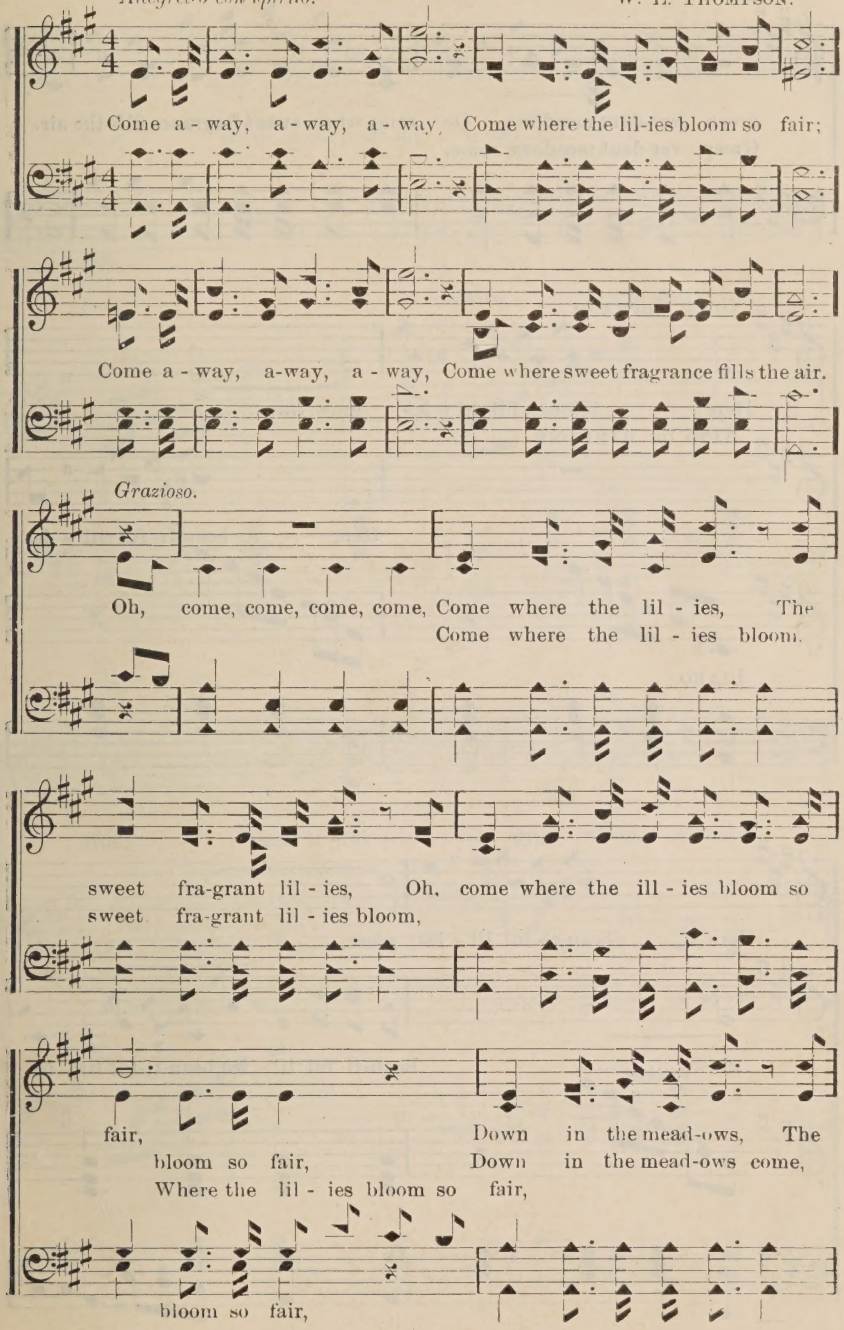

there I met a maiden Who seemed so free from guile.
could not be re-sist-ed, I fell down at her feet.
touched me for a sup-per; I tried to do my part.
drank a doz-en cocktails And al-so some "old port."
found that she was mar-ried, I hate to tell it all.
Oh, she was a
loo-lu, Ev-'ry inch a loo-lu, Loo-lu, that pret-ty girl of mine.

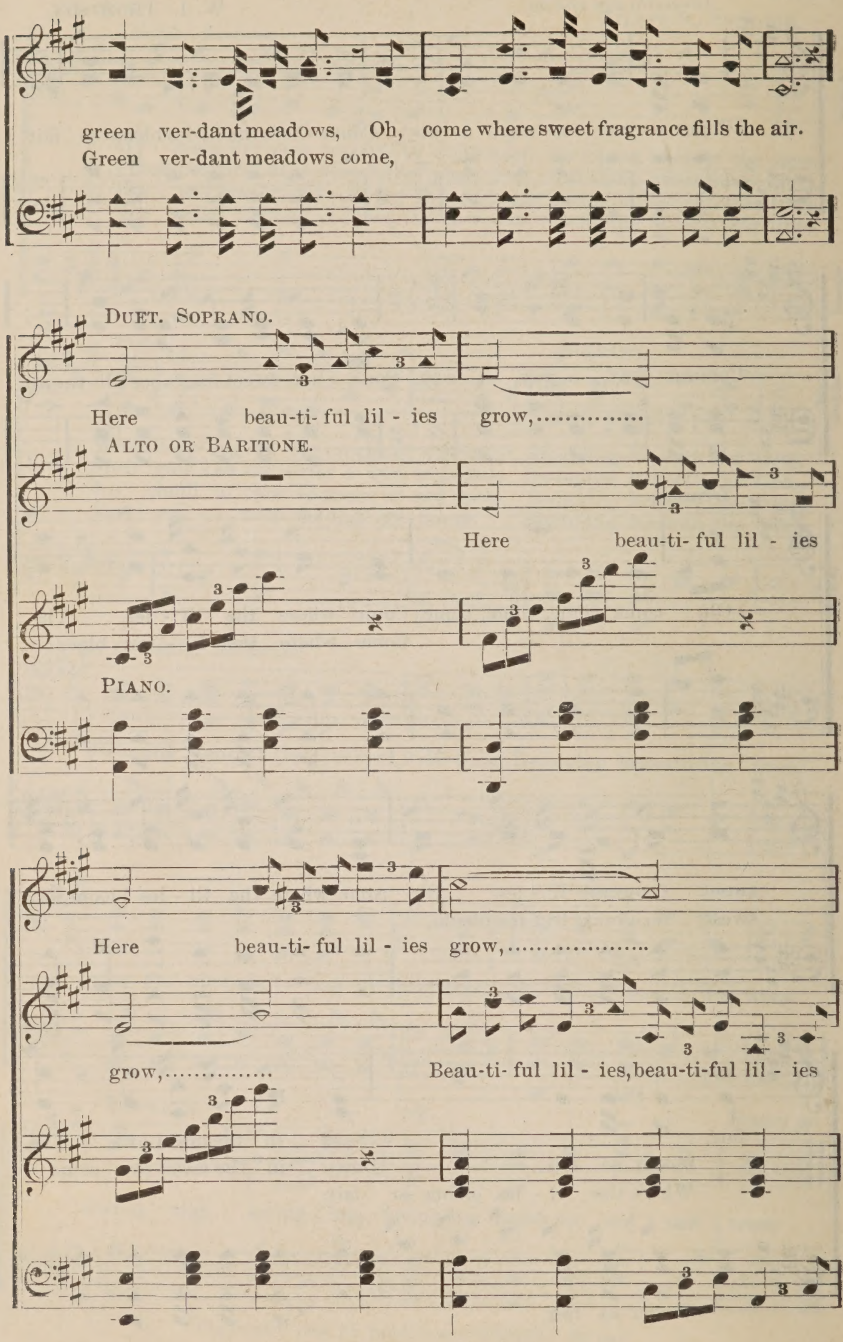
# No. 26. SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD OAK TREES.

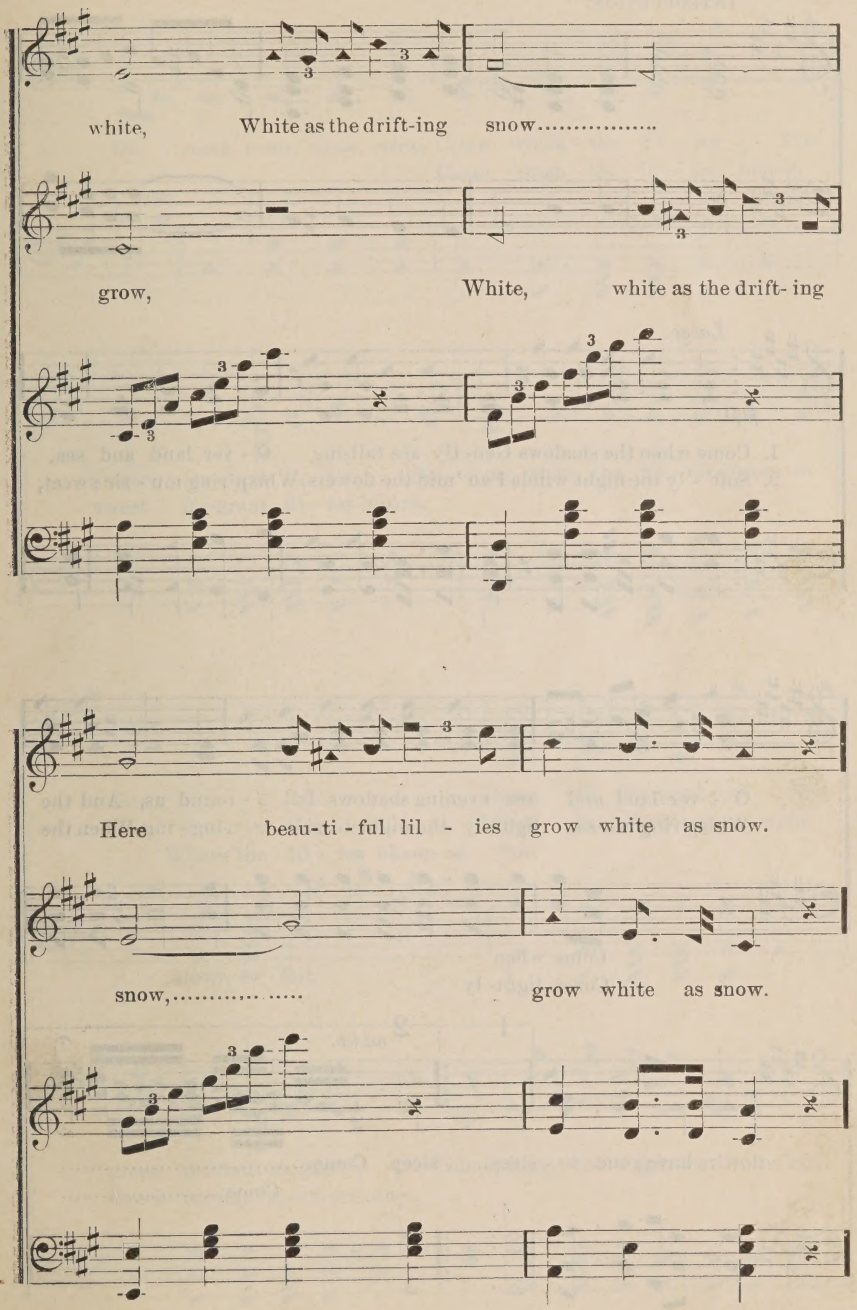
T. S. T. TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.

SOLO. Andante.
QUARTET.
1. My mem -'ry now re-verts to child-hood, Swinging beneath the trees,
2. Those youthful days were full of pleas- ure, Swinging beneath the trees,
3. The sky was bright with joy and gladness, Swinging beneath the trees,
4. The songs we sang a-mong the bow - ers, Swinging beneath the trees.
SOLO.
QUARTET.
While play- ing in the clustered wildwood, Swinging beneath the trees.
Such gold - en mem'ries I will treas-ure, Swinging beneath the trees.
No cloud of care to cause us sad - ness, Swinging beneath the trees.
Re - ech - o with the hap- py hours, Swinging beneath the trees.
CHORUS. Moderato.
Swinging beneath the clustered wild-wood, Swinging beneath the trees;
a tempo.
Car - ry me back to hap- py child-hood, Swinging beneath the trees.
REFRAIN.
rit.
Repeat pp.
Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old oak trees.

Copyright, 1908, by Teddlie and Allphin. By per.

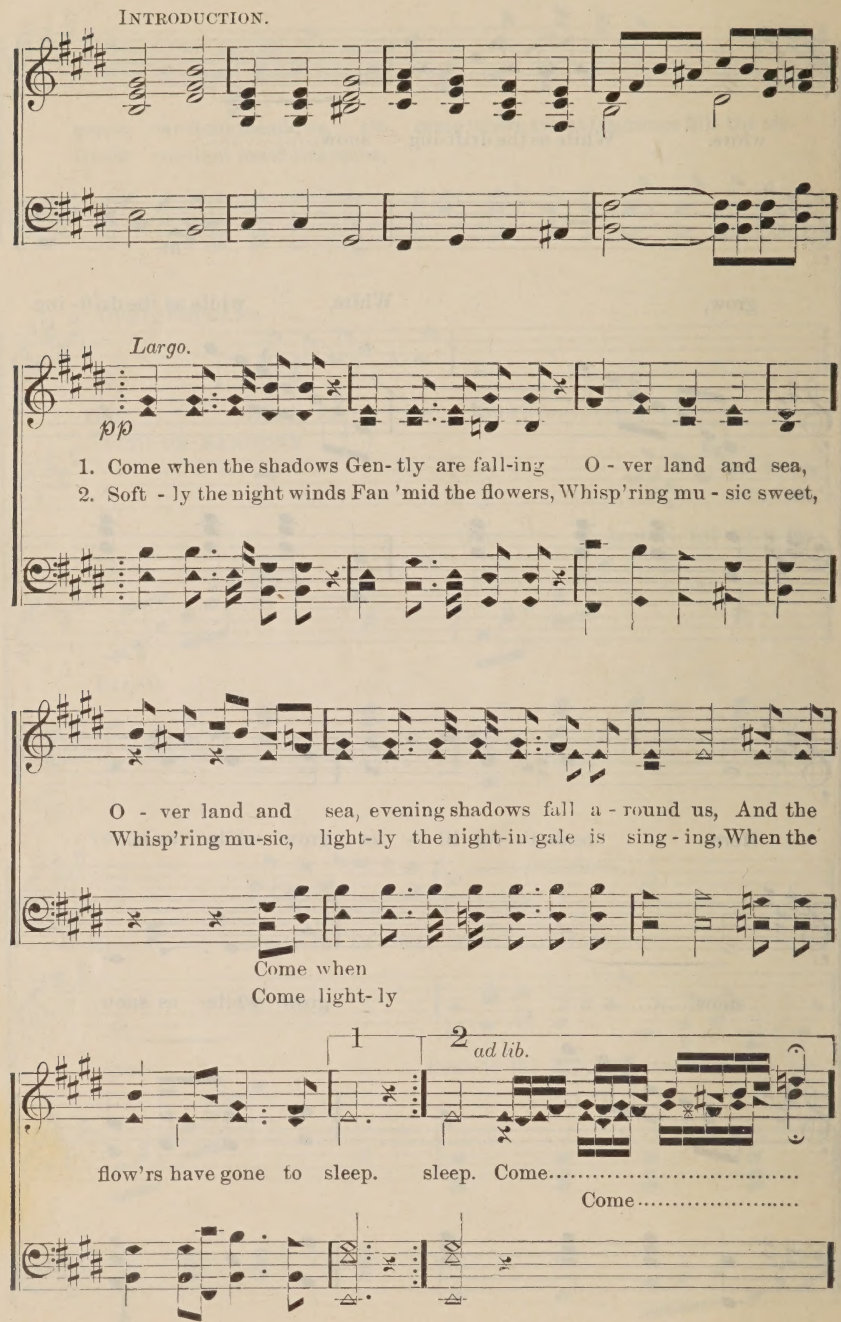
# No. 27. COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.

*Allegretto con spirito.* W. L. THOMPSON.

Come a - way, a - way, a - way, Come where the lil-ies bloom so fair;
Come a - way, a-way, a - way, Come where sweet fragrance fills the air.
Grazioso.
Oh, come, come, come, come, Come where the lil - ies, The
Come where the lil - ies bloom.
sweet fra-grant lil - ies, Oh, come where the ill - ies bloom so
sweet fra-grant lil - ies bloom,
fair, Down in the mead-ows, The
bloom so fair, Down in the mead-ows come,
Where the lil - ies bloom so fair,
bloom so fair,

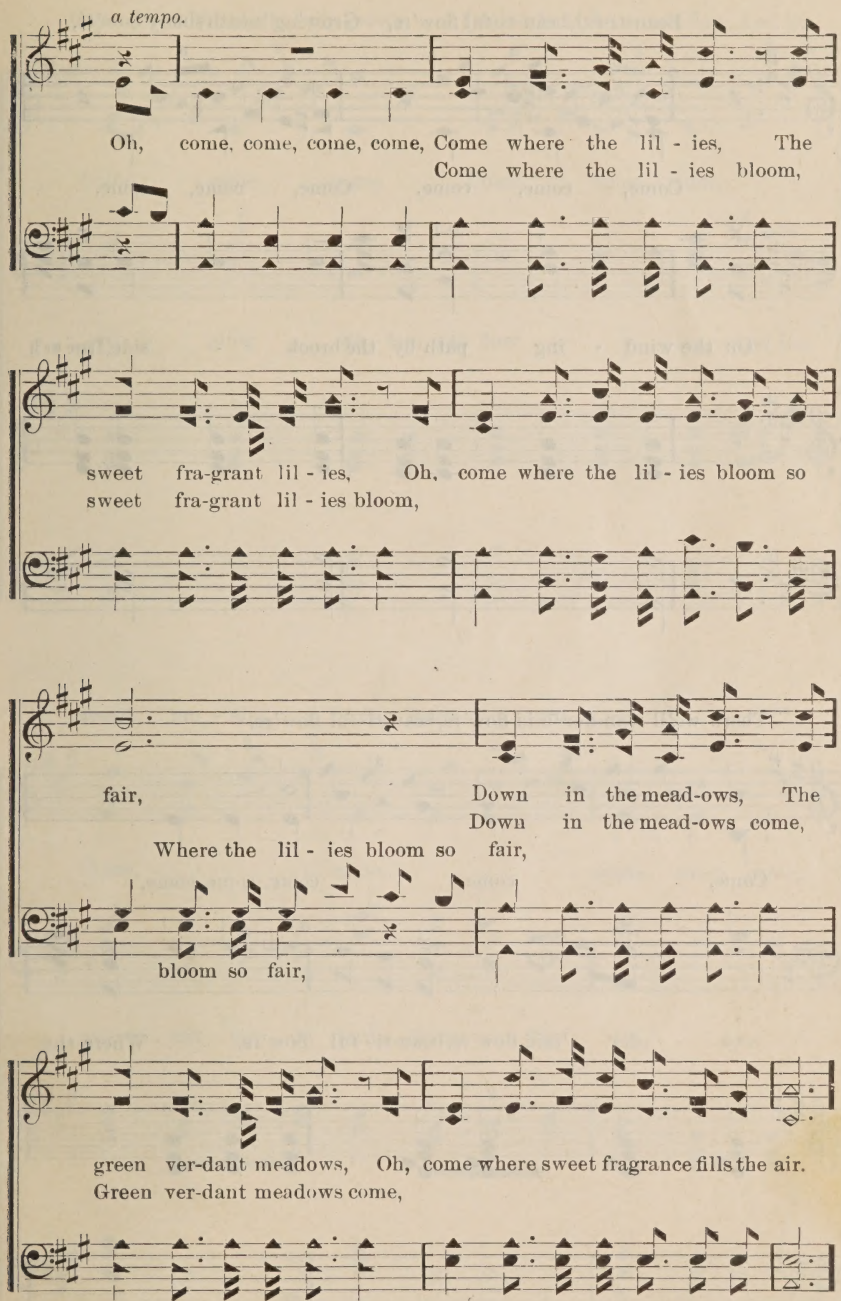

green ver-dant meadows, Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.
Green ver-dant meadows come,
DUET. SOPRANO.
Here beau-ti- ful lil - ies grow,.....
ALTO OR BARITONE.
Here beau-ti- ful lil - ies
PIANO.
Here beau-ti- ful lil - ies grow,.....
grow,.....
Beau-ti- ful lil - ies, beau-ti-ful lil - ies


white, White as the drift-ing snow.....
grow, White, white as the drift- ing
Here beau-ti-ful lil - ies grow white as snow.
snow,..... grow white as snow.

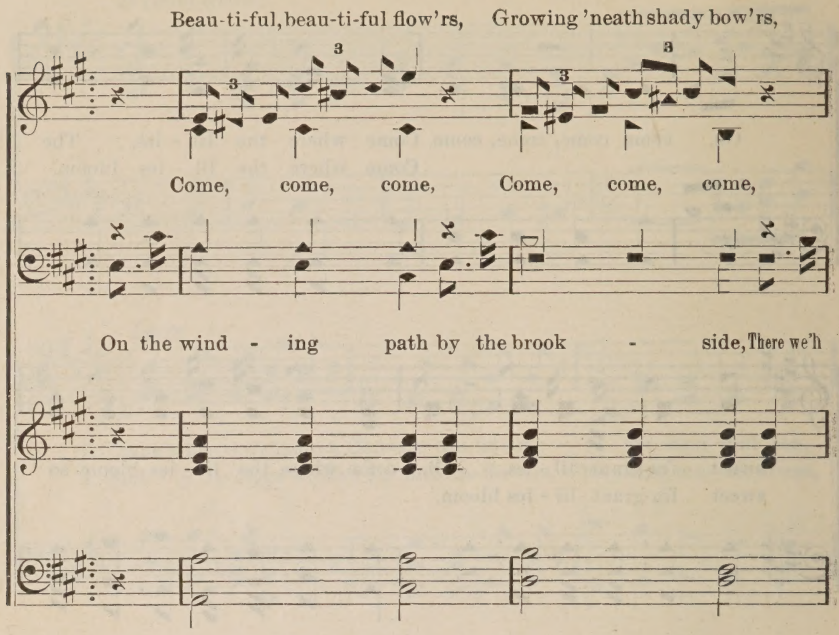
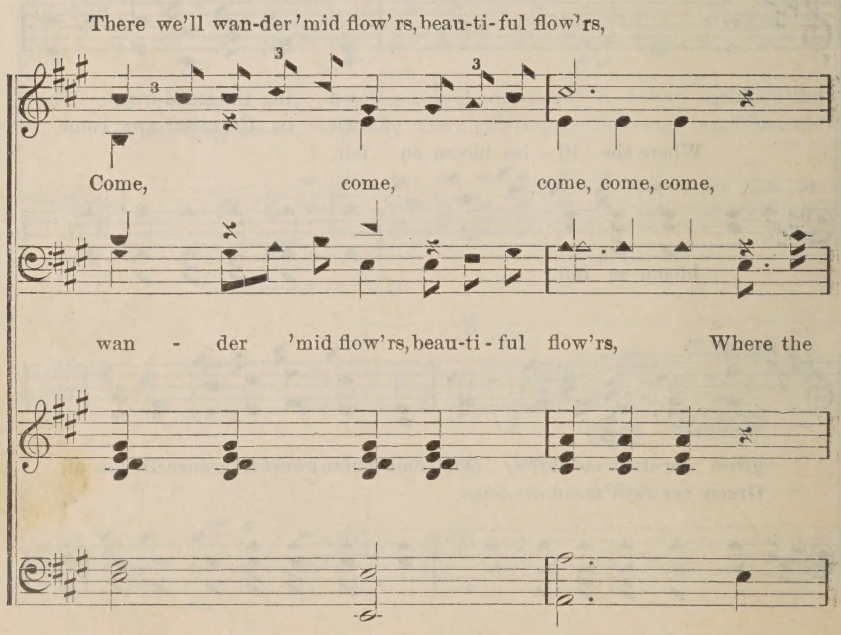
# COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.—Continued.

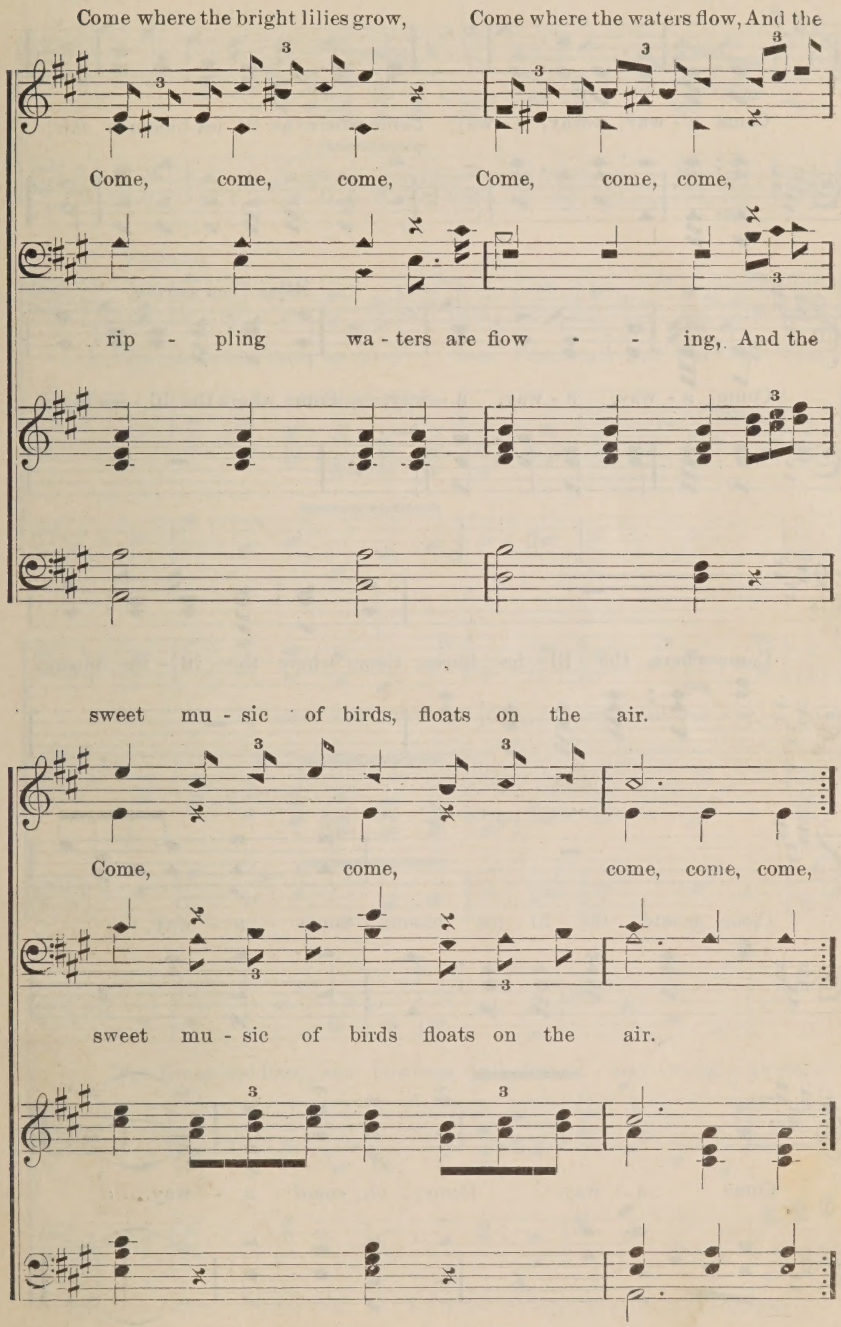

INTRODUCTION.
Largo.
pp
1. Come when the shadows Gen- tly are fall-ing O - ver land and sea,
2. Soft - ly the night winds Fan 'mid the flowers, Whisp'ring mu - sic sweet,
O - ver land and sea, evening shadows fall a - round us, And the
Whisp'ring mu-sic, light- ly the night-in-gale is sing - ing, When the
Come when
Come light- ly
1
2
ad lib.
flow'rs have gone to sleep. sleep. Come.....
Come .....

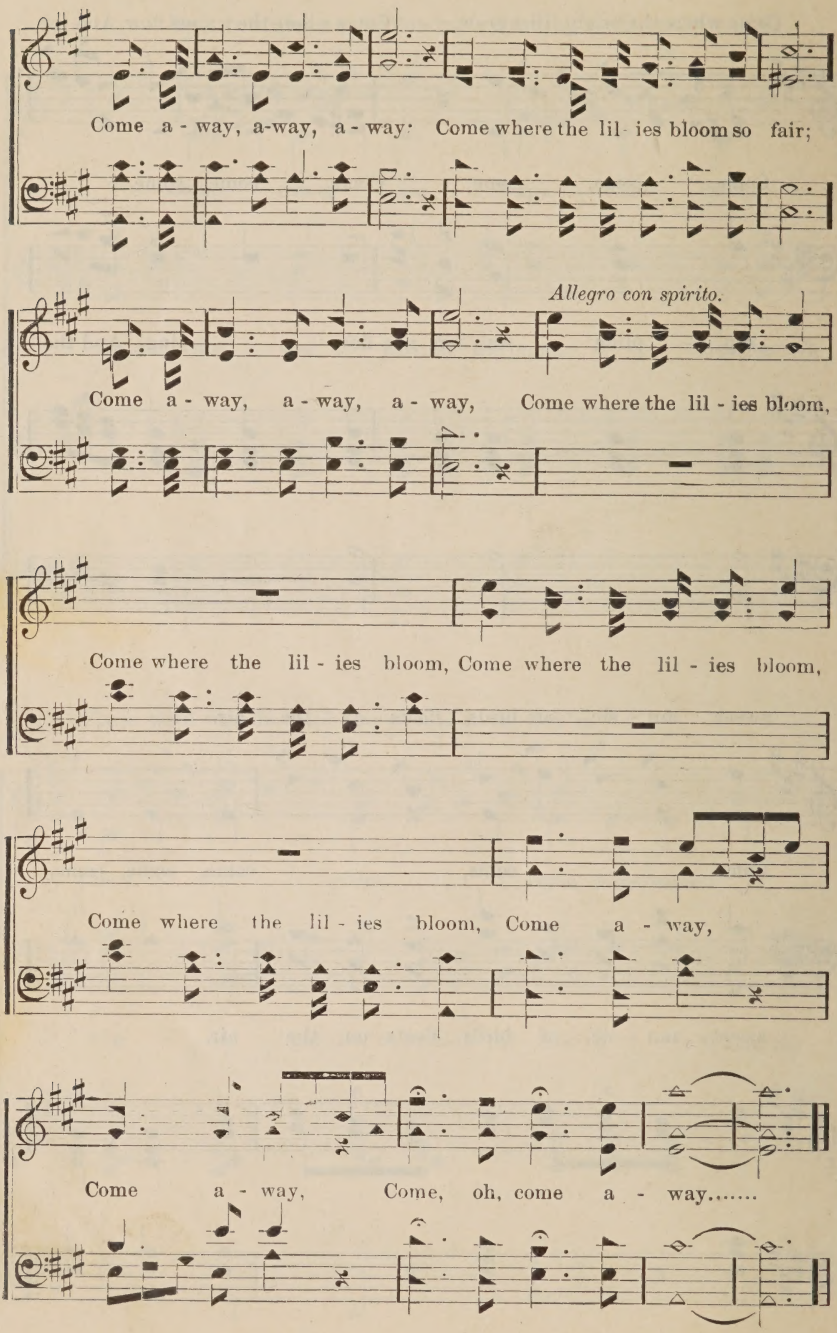
# COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.—Continued.


a tempo.
Oh, come, come, come, come, Come where the lil - ies, The
Come where the lil - ies bloom,
sweet fra-grant lil - ies, Oh, come where the lil - ies bloom so
sweet fra-grant lil - ies bloom,
fair,
Down in the mead-ows, The
Down in the mead-ows come,
Where the lil - ies bloom so fair,
bloom so fair,
green ver-dant meadows, Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.
Green ver-dant meadows come,

# COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.—Continued.


Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Growing 'neath shady bow'rs,
Come, come, come, Come, come, come,
On the wind - ing path by the brook - side, There we'll

# COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.—Continued.

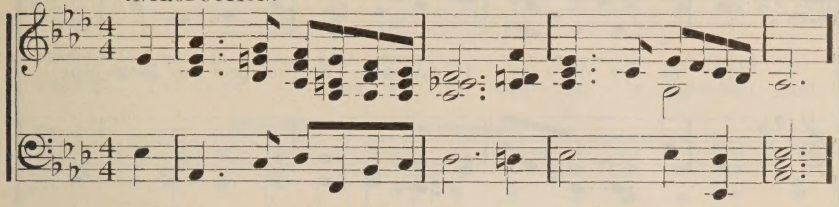

Come where the bright lilies grow, Come where the waters flow, And the
Come, come, come, Come, come, come,
rip - pling wa - ters are flow - - ing, And the
sweet mu - sic of birds, floats on the air.
Come, come, come, come, come,
sweet mu - sic of birds floats on the air.

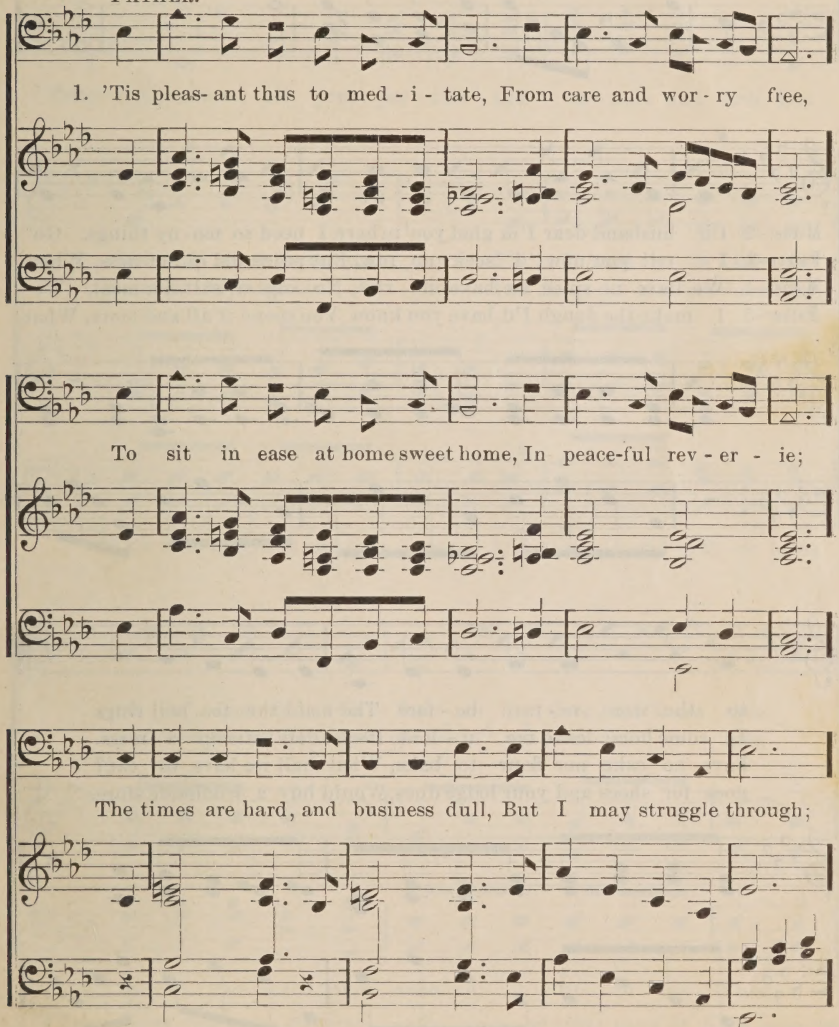
# COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.—Concluded.

Come a - way, a-way, a - way: Come where the lil - ies bloom so fair;
Allegro con spirito.
Come a - way, a - way, a - way, Come where the lil - ies bloom,
Come where the lil - ies bloom, Come where the lil - ies bloom,
Come where the lil - ies bloom, Come a - way,
Come a - way, Come, oh, come a - way.....

## No. 28. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

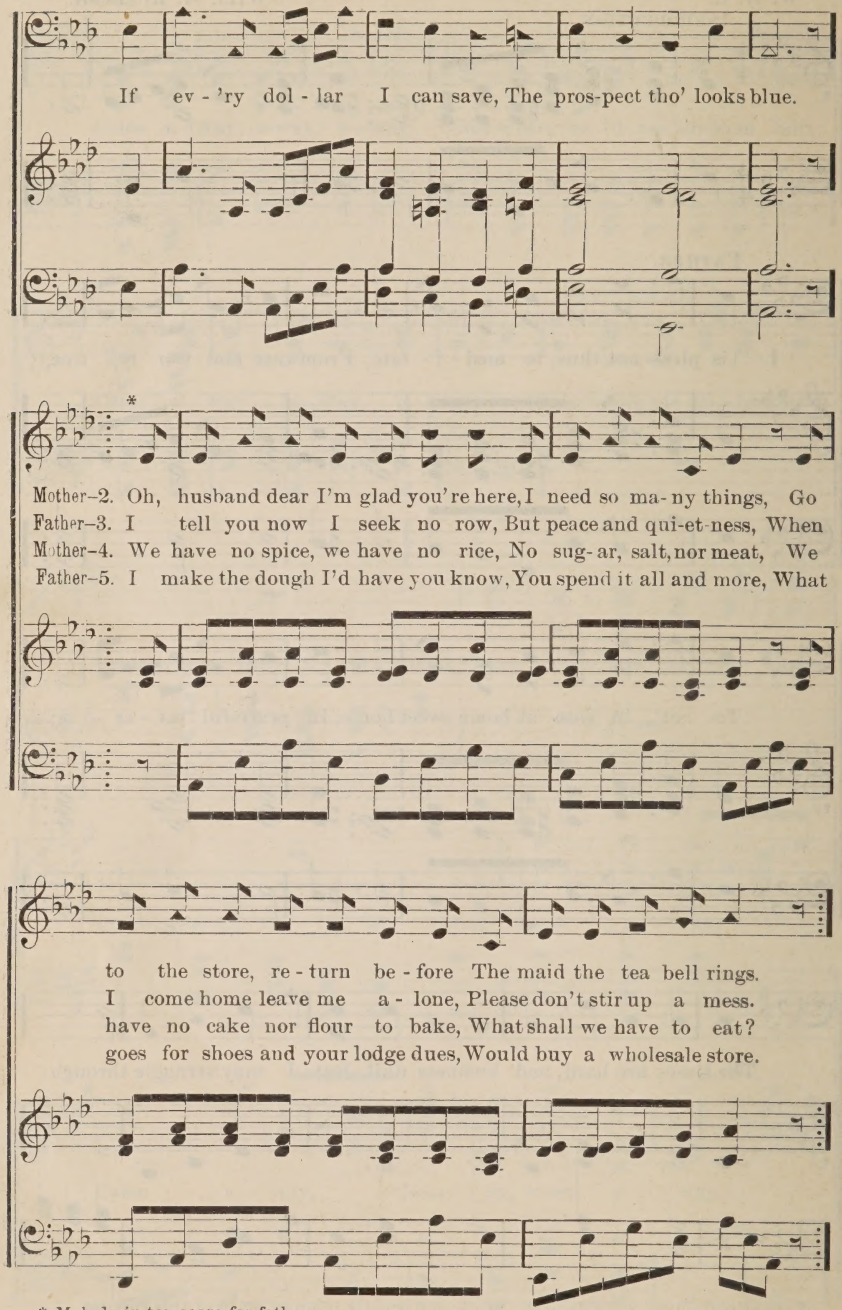
INTRODUCTION.



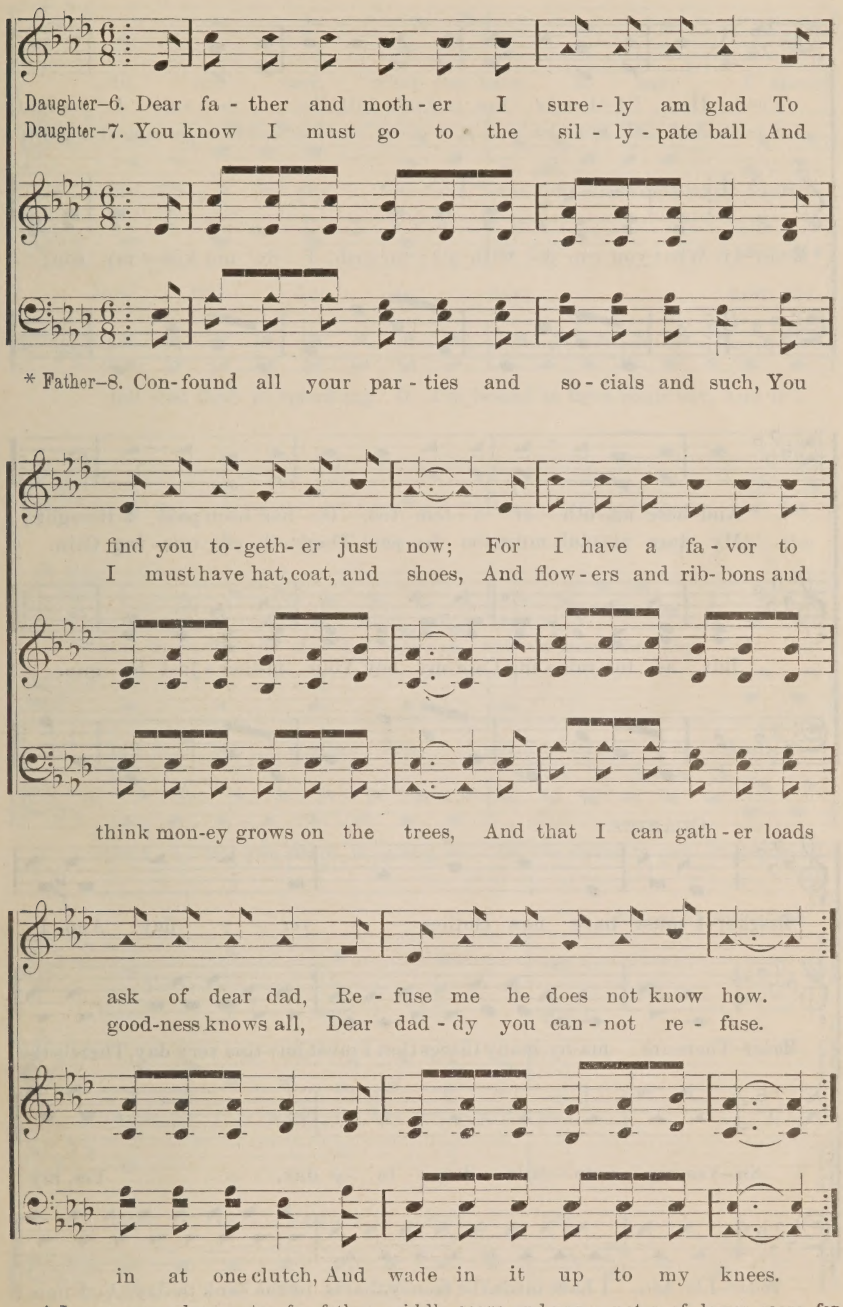
FATHER.

1. 'Tis pleas- ant thus to med - i - tate, From care and wor - ry free,
To sit in ease at home sweet home, In peace-ful rev - er - ie;
The times are hard, and business dull, But I may struggle through;

NOTE—Good acting, suitable to the words will greatly improve effect of this Quartet.

# THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—Contiuued.

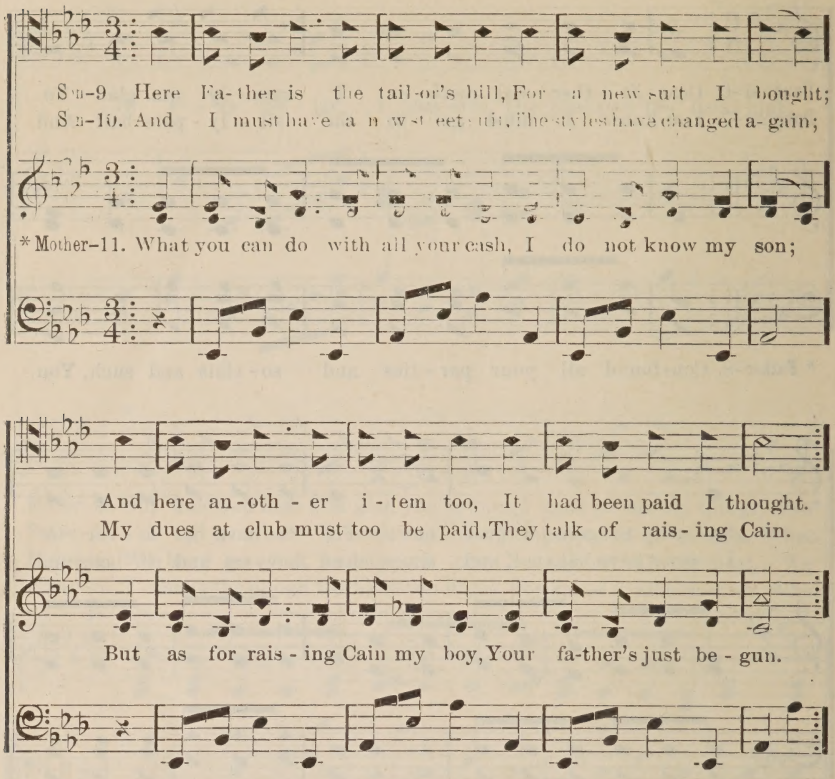

If ev - 'ry dol - lar I can save, The pros-pect tho' looks blue.
Mother–2. Oh, husband dear I'm glad you're here, I need so ma- ny things, Go
Father–3. I tell you now I seek no row, But peace and qui-et-ness, When
Mother–4. We have no spice, we have no rice, No sug-ar, salt, nor meat, We
Father–5. I make the dough I'd have you know, You spend it all and more, What
to the store, re - turn be - fore The maid the tea bell rings.
I come home leave me a - lone, Please don't stir up a mess.
have no cake nor flour to bake, What shall we have to eat?
goes for shoes and your lodge dues, Would buy a wholesale store.

* Melody in top score for father.

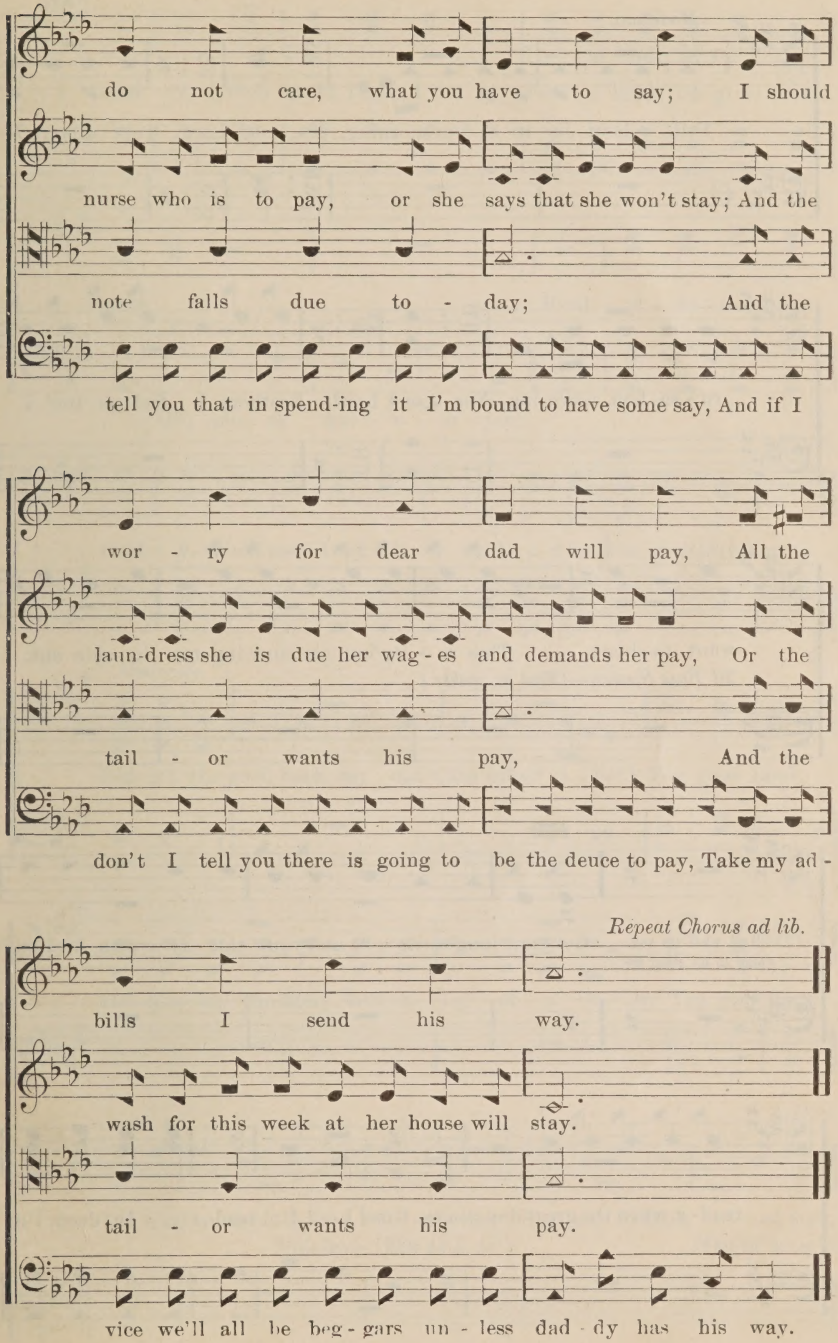
# THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—Continued.

Daughter–6. Dear fa - ther and moth - er I sure - ly am glad To
Daughter–7. You know I must go to the sil - ly - pate ball And
* Father–8. Con-found all your par - ties and so - cials and such, You
find you to-geth- er just now; For I have a fa - vor to
I must have hat, coat, and shoes, And flow - ers and rib - bons and
think mon-ey grows on the trees, And that I can gath - er loads
ask of dear dad, Re - fuse me he does not know how.
good-ness knows all, Dear dad - dy you can - not re - fuse.
in at one clutch, And wade in it up to my knees.

* Lower score bass notes for father, middle score and upper notes of lower score for accompaniment.

# THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—Continued.

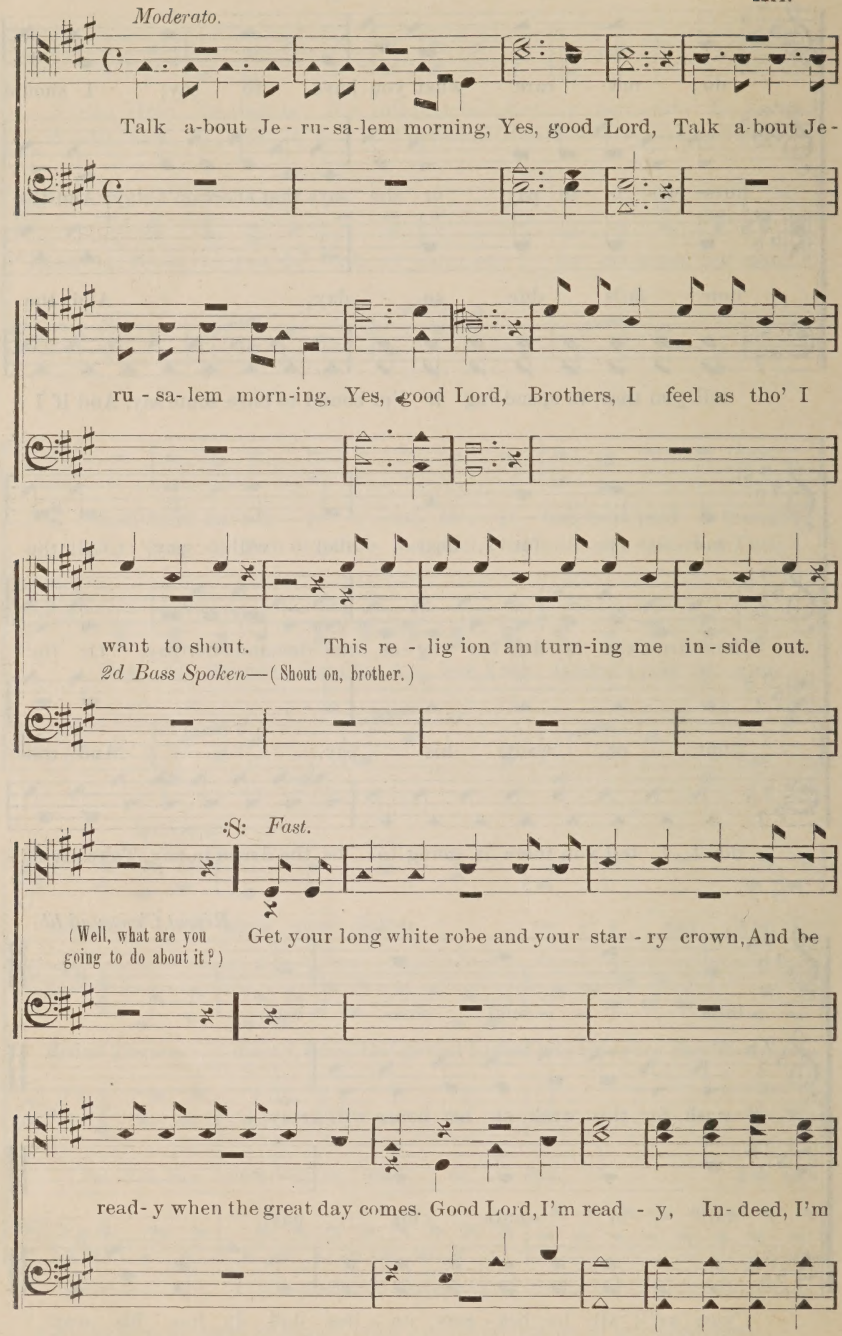

Son-9 Here Fa-ther is the tail-or's bill, For a new suit I bought;
Son-10. And I must have a new street suit, The styles have changed a-gain;
*Mother-11. What you can do with all your cash, I do not know my son;
And here an-oth-er i-tem too, It had been paid I thought.
My dues at club must too be paid, They talk of rais-ing Cain.
But as for rais-ing Cain my boy, Your fa-ther's just be-gun.
QUARTET.
Daughter-I must have new clothes ver-y day, And I
Mother-There are ma-ny, many things that I must buy this very day, There's the
Son-Yes, my note falls due to-day, Yes, my
Father-Lis-ten, I have made the money that is in the bank to-day, And now I

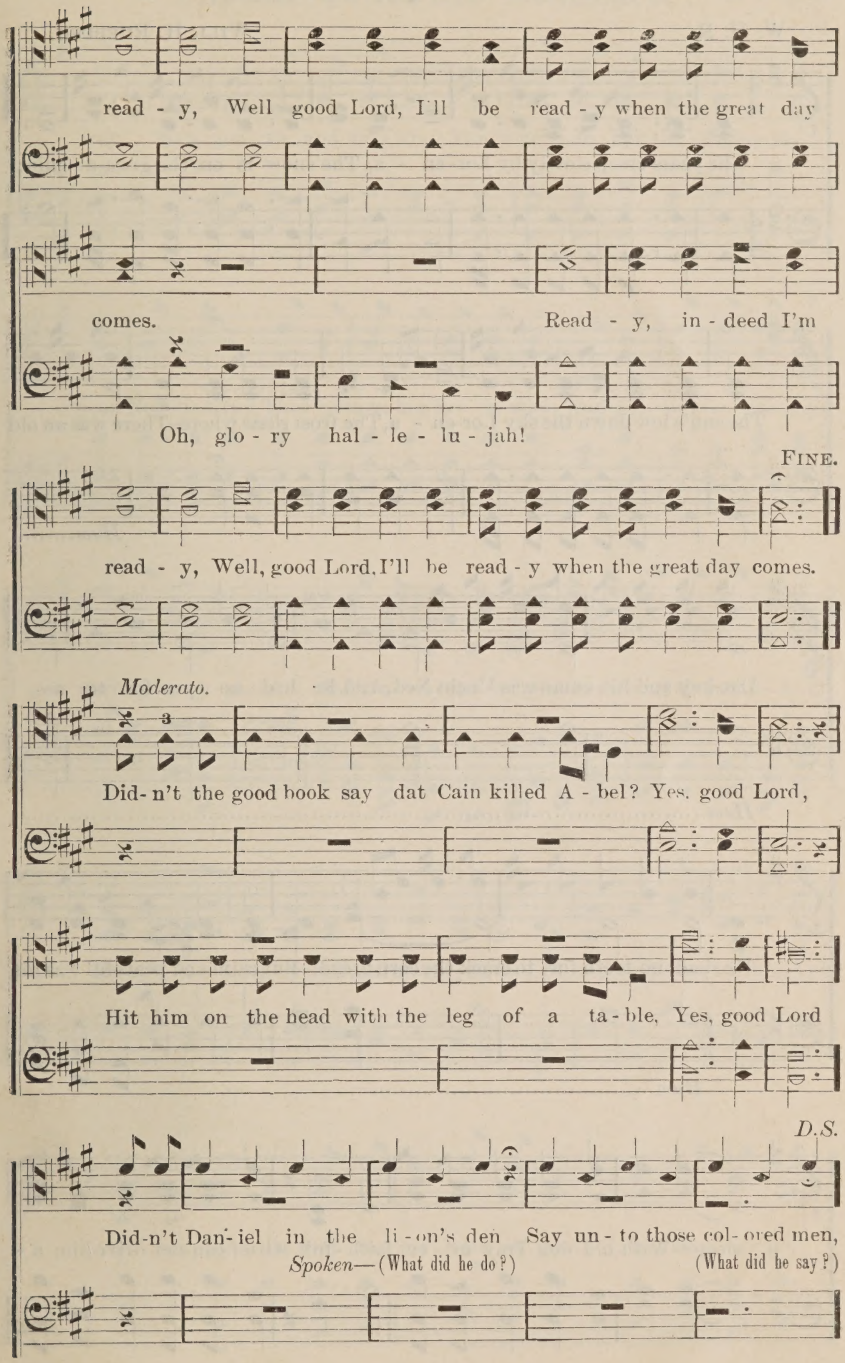
* Middle score top notes for mother, lower notes of same score for accompaniment.


do not care, what you have to say; I should
nurse who is to pay, or she says that she won't stay; And the
note falls due to - day; And the
tell you that in spend-ing it I'm bound to have some say, And if I
wor - ry for dear dad will pay, All the
laun-dress she is due her wag - es and demands her pay, Or the
tail - or wants his pay, And the
don't I tell you there is going to be the deuce to pay, Take my ad -
Repeat Chorus ad lib.
bills I send his way.
wash for this week at her house will stay.
tail - or wants his pay.
vice we'll all be beg - gars un - less dad - dy has his way.

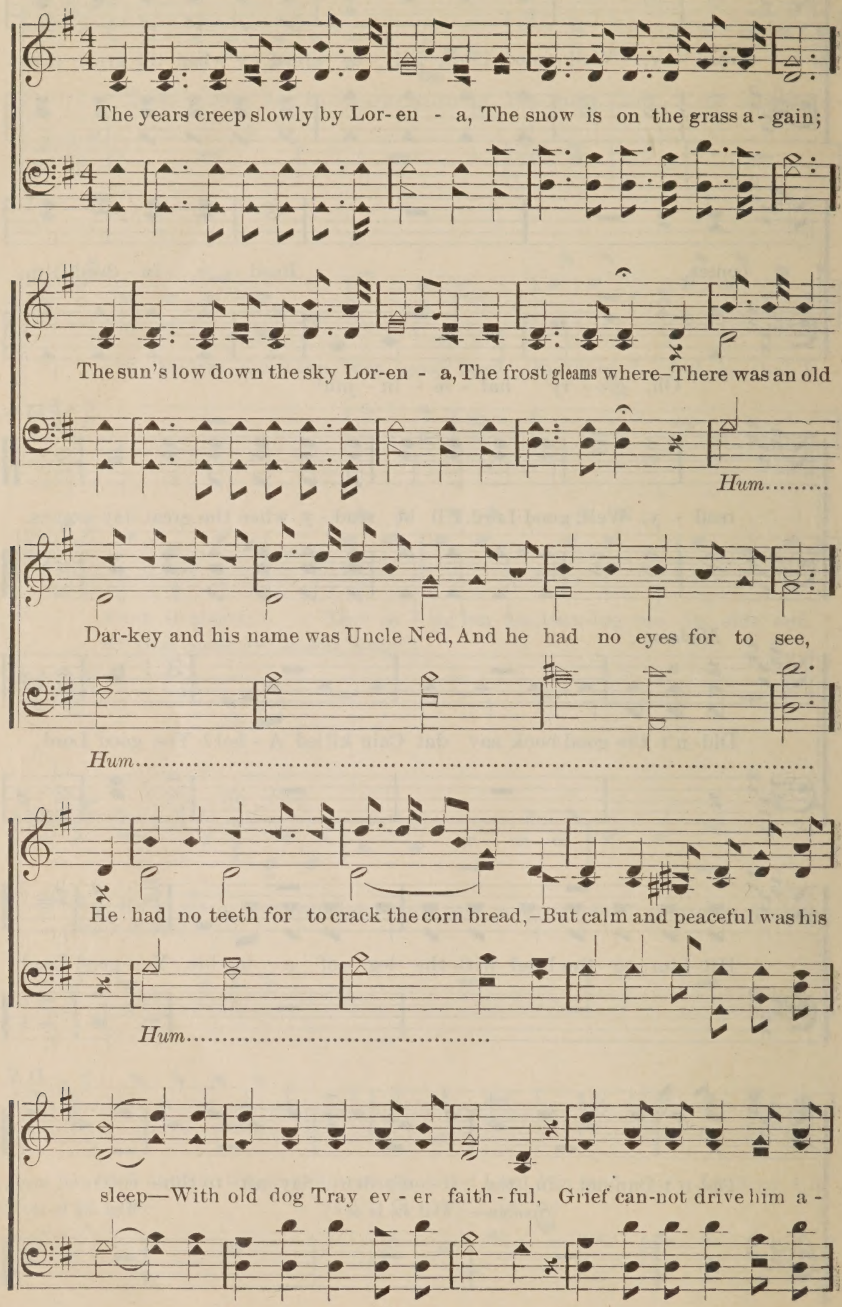
No. 29. JERUSALEM MORNING.

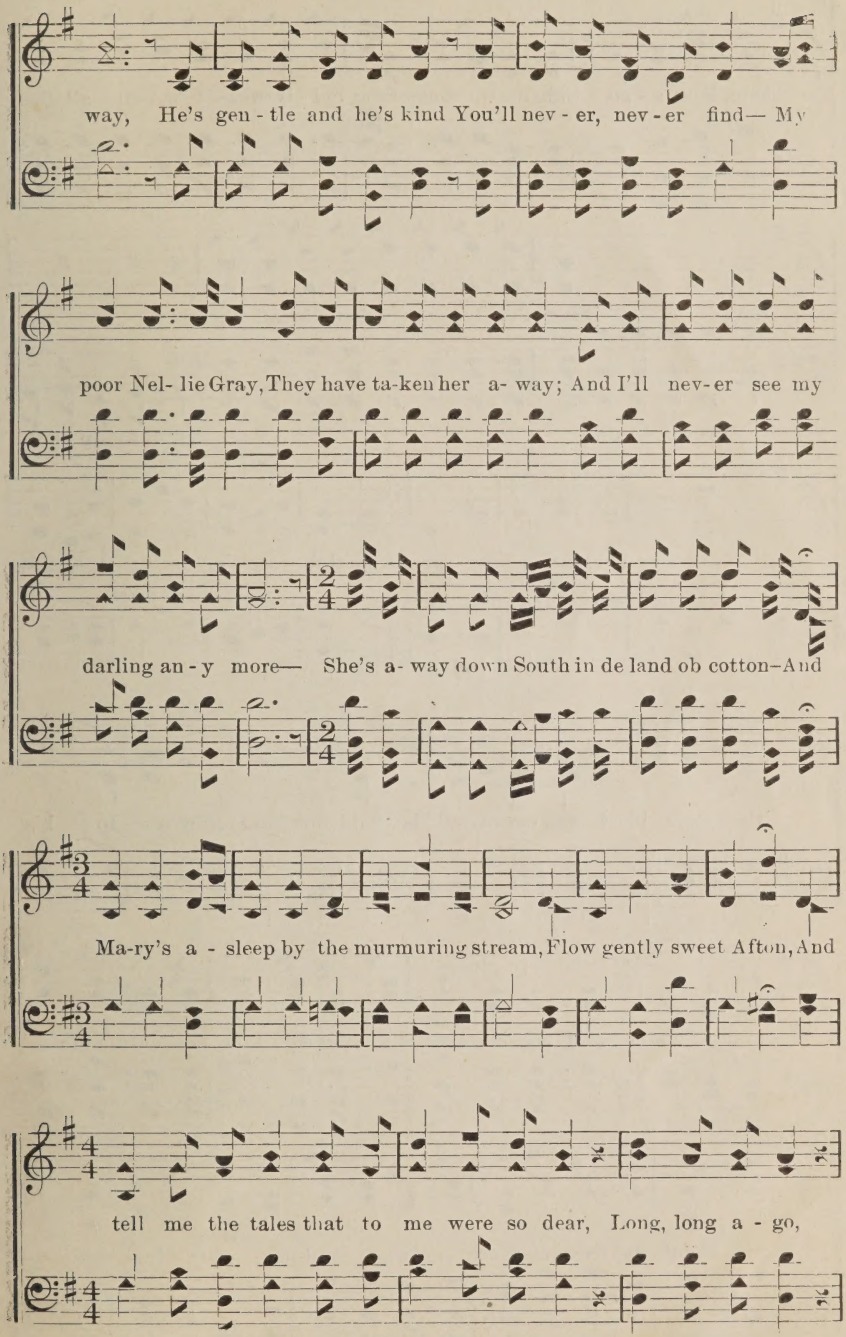
Arr.

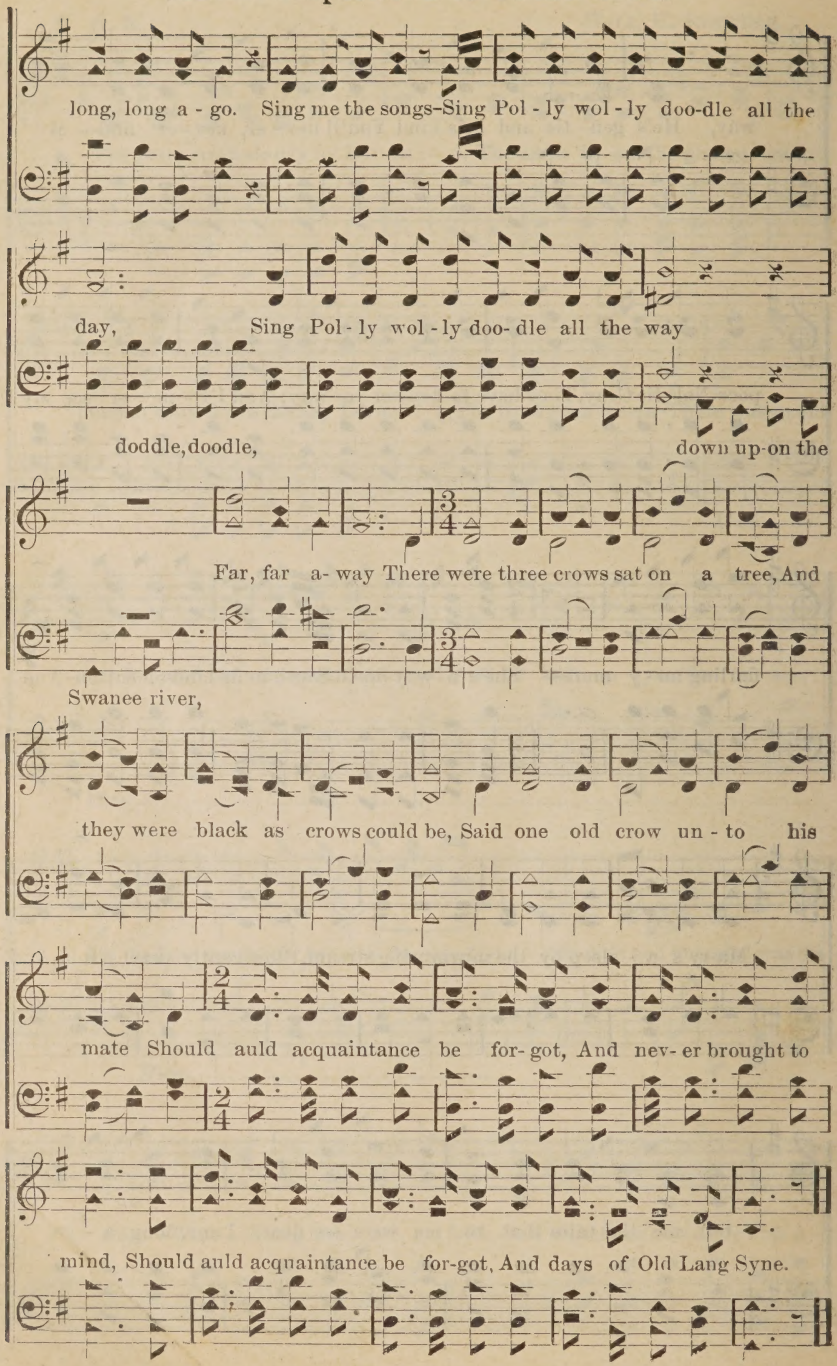

Moderato.
Talk a-bout Je - ru-sa-lem morning, Yes, good Lord, Talk a-bout Je-
ru - sa-lem morn-ing, Yes, good Lord, Brothers, I feel as tho' I
want to shout. This re - lig ion am turn-ing me in-side out.
2d Bass Spoken—(Shout on, brother.)
Fast.
(Well, what are you going to do about it?)
Get your long white robe and your star - ry crown, And be
read- y when the great day comes. Good Lord, I'm read - y, In- deed, I'm

# JERUSALEM MORNING.—Concluded.

read - y, Well good Lord, I'll be read - y when the great day
comes. Read - y, in - deed I'm
Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
FINE.
read - y, Well, good Lord, I'll be read - y when the great day comes.
Moderato.
Did- n't the good book say dat Cain killed A - bel? Yes, good Lord,
Hit him on the head with the leg of a ta - ble, Yes, good Lord
D.S.
Did-n't Dan-iel in the li - on's den Say un - to those col - ored men,
Spoken—(What did he do?)
(What did he say?)

## No. 30. MEDLEY QUARTET.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

The years creep slowly by Lor-en - a, The snow is on the grass a-gain;
The sun's low down the sky Lor-en - a, The frost gleams where—There was an old
Hum.....
Dar-key and his name was Uncle Ned, And he had no eyes for to see,
Hum.....
He had no teeth for to crack the corn bread,—But calm and peaceful was his
Hum.....
sleep—With old dog Tray ev-er faith-ful, Grief can-not drive him a-

## MEDLEY QUARTET.—Continued.

way, He's gen - tle and he's kind You'll nev - er, nev - er find— My
poor Nel- lie Gray, They have ta-ken her a- way; And I'll nev-er see my
darling an - y more— She's a- way down South in de land ob cotton—And
Ma-ry's a - sleep by the murmuring stream, Flow gently sweet Afton, And
tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,

# MEDLEY QUARTET.—Concluded.

long, long a - go. Sing me the songs-Sing Pol - ly wol - ly doo-dle all the
day, Sing Pol - ly wol - ly doo- dle all the way
doddle, doodle, down up-on the
Far, far a- way There were three crows sat on a tree, And
Swanee river,
they were black as crows could be, Said one old crow un - to his
mate Should auld acquaintance be for- got, And nev- er brought to
mind, Should auld acqnaintance be for-got, And days of Old Lang Syne.

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